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MARY P. C. NASH
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Instructor and Professor of Italian and Spanish
1866-1894

THE

TRIUMPHS OF PETRARCH;

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY THE

REV. HENRY BOYD, A. M.

Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and to the Right Honourable the Earl of Charleville; Translator of Dante, &c. &c.

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To

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ. M. P.

The dawn of Learning from Valclusa's brow
'Twas mine to mark: but Thou with eagle eye
Couldst follow, when her Glory climb'd the sky,
And tell the conflict with her deadly foe,
Dark Superstition — with imperial Pride
And Passion leagued, whose dim suffusion veil'd
The blessed beam, while bigot Fury steel'd
The heart, rebellious to the heavenly Guide.
This Petrarch saw; and long deplored, like Thee,
The Demon's fraud, that check'd the powers of Mind
Blending her light with deep Tartarean stain.
O may thy name assist his solemn plea
In Virtue's cause! and Sorgia's Flowers, combin'd
With Mersey's wreath, immortalise the strain!

H. BOYD.

Rathfriland, Nov. 26, 1806.

PREFACE.

THE form of this collection, distinguished by the common appellation of TRIONFI, *Pageants*, or *Visionary Representations*, was borrowed immediately from Dante, and more remotely from the Provençal poets. From its unity of design it must be considered as one performance, and is among the first systematic pieces intended as correctives to the inordinate pursuit of pleasure and of fame. The topics indeed are not amplified, as they would have been by a professed moralist; but from the examples in the body of the work, the general inference is left to be drawn by the reader. In the concluding vision, however, the lessons to be learnt from the various exhibitions are given in one view, and the scattered beams of instruction are collected together, that they may fall

with more effect upon the eye of the understanding.

The characters are all real, except some mythological beings, such as several of the heathen deities introduced in the TRIUMPH OF LOVE, as owning the universal sway of Cupid. But the Poet probably considered them in the light in which they are represented by history, as the spirits of departed men and women canonised by the Pagan world; and under this view they may justly claim a rank in the procession. Probably this may be more easily defended to the rigid critic, than the introduction of such allegorical personages as LOVE, FAME, DEATH, and TIME, among personages merely human. But the historical pictures occasionally introduced possess this advantage, that they give the Poem greater variety, than in so short a performance could otherwise have been attained. As they are often grouped together without comment or observation, the judgement is

left at liberty. Hence an ample field of discussion and reflexion is opened, particularly to juvenile readers, which may be attended with some intellectual and moral advantages to them, under the inspection of those who can direct their inquiries, or lead them to make suitable observations. In this light it is hoped this performance may serve as a proper exercise of the judgement, as well as an agreeable employment to the imagination. Indeed the general impression on minds fitted to receive it, which will remain after the attentive perusal of such a work, is the same in kind, though far inferior in degree, to what we experience from Young and Cowper. The course of reflections in each of these poets nearly coincides: but Petrarch experienced much of the mischiefs of the passions, which the others learned *through the spectacles of books*. He could say with Æneas, in Virgil—

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.

This is particularly the case with regard to the passion of LOVE, on which he is consequently more diffuse: nor was he less a *fool to* FAME, in some respects, than any of those whom Milton has introduced into the limbo of vanity. By many of his love poems he has justly obtained this reward: but it was far beneath his character to boast of such a reputation, or to dwell so much upon it. He had claims of a superior kind: his Triumphs are his palinode. In these he recants the futile imaginations of his youth, and gives in this Poem a striking picture of sublunary pursuits and enjoyments—

> Fantastic chace of shadows, hunting shades.
>
> *Young's Night Thoughts.*

The moral to be learned from it is of the more importance, as the lessons will be found to be more generally useful. Here there are few exhibitions of characters utterly abandoned and depraved. Though such pictures, in the hands of a master, may have

the strongest poetical effect, yet, probably, the instruction to be learned from *them* is not so generally useful, as those suggested by the characters in the Trionfi of Petrarch. *They* are such as are too generally met with—personages of both sexes, whose love of pleasure overpowers their reason, and leads them into pursuits degrading to rational beings*, and pernicious to themselves and others. That the poet has chosen to exhibit the passion of love in this disadvantageous light, even in his own case, may be accounted for from this circumstance, that though this passion do often excite to the noblest actions, and very often exalt and improve the human character when inspired by a proper object, yet this very property had been abused by the perversion of the ideas of chivalry, and the fantastic and often corrupt representations of the Provençal poets, and their imitators in prose and verse†.

* See Notes on the Triumph of Love, Part the first.

† See Introduction.

The Bard of Vaucluse commences his TRIUMPH OF LOVE by representing the deleterious effects of that passion upon his mental powers; when he describes his mind as so much debilitated by love, as to be utterly unable to withstand the attacks of sorrow. This we may suppose was really his condition after the death of Laura, at least for a time. In this situation it was natural for him (as it is for others whose minds are stored with images drawn from history and observation) to turn those thoughts which would have tormented *him*, on the situation of others who had been fellow-sufferers by the same passion. This is a benevolent contrivance of the Author of our nature; which serves a double purpose, as it relieves the distressed mind, and teaches it to sympathise with others. In this process, moreover, the passions grow insensibly cooler, and reason is enabled, through a clearer medium, to trace effects to their causes, and to observe the several mis-

carriages, errors, and crimes, of the several characters that become the objects of meditation, which occasions—sympathy with the wretched, remorse for the past, and caution for the future. This seems to have been the natural train of thought in the mind of Petrarch, as probably it is in that of every man of reflection; and these lessons naturally arise from that variety of personages which make their appearance in the first vision, and are such as due reflexion supplies.

The characters and fortunes described or alluded to in this part of the Poem, form a copious illustration of those lines of Lucretius, thus translated by Dryden*:—

> All offices of Friendship are decay'd,
> Their fortunes ruin'd, and their friends betray'd;
> And in the fountain whence the sweets are brought,
> Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught;

* I quote from Dryden, because I have not now at hand my friend Mr. Good's very excellent version of this Poem.

For guilty Conscience does the mirror bring,
And sharp Remorse shoots our her angry sting,
And various Thoughts, within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mispent luxurious life. . . . . l. 5.

This way of teaching by numerous examples possesses several advantages, which neither could be attained by the preceptive method observed by a tribe of poetical essayists, nor by the continued narration of the fortunes of one hero or heroine. But here the scene is continually shifting. That love of novelty which is innate in the mind, and placed there for the most salutary purposes, is amply gratified by a perpetual succession of new personages, and often of pleasing images. It is not, indeed, thickly strown with reflexions that grow out of each other, and are amplified to the utmost stretch of imagination, as in the NIGHT THOUGHTS, but materials for reflection are largely supplied; and probably, taking the whole contexture of visions as one Poem, in no equal number of lines are there so many

striking and awful objects exhibited — striking, without the help of fiction, and awful, without the necessity of employing amplification. Plato, and his followers, when treating of LOVE, endeavoured to show that every degree in the scale of material beauty — or, in other words, every engaging object — is, or ought to be, *steps*, to lead us to the love of the *First Beauty*, or SOVEREIGN GOOD. This, in theory, is true; but it is to be feared that in practice it often has led to many and pernicious deviations, when the mind gives itself up to the impulse of passion, or the illusions of fancy, to attain, what is called by some enthusiasts, *spiritual communion.* How far the Poet had adopted the purest Platonic theory on this subject, can only be known from his writings in general. But in the TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY, which succeeds the Poem on Love, he seems to have been guided by another class of philosophers: there he dwells on the necessity of SELF-

DENIAL and self-government; of keeping the passions under due restraint, that the mind might have leisure to recover that energy which it had lost. Other species of GOOD and FAIR, besides those of a material nature, are there exhibited to view. But this must be allowed, that much of the instruction meant to be given is rather implied than expressed, with the exception of some very beautiful allegorical representations. But the contrast between this and the former exhibitions imprint the lessons (whether expressed, or to be inferred) on the mind with considerable efficacy.

LOVE, in the Poet's mind, is supposed to have given way at length; and the desire of FAME—

That last infirmity of noble minds—

succeeds to its dominion. This is a species of ambition that often possesses the whole soul when the juvenile passions subside:

sometimes it springs up along with them, and either communicates vigour, or attains it from them, with various effects; sometimes salutary, often pernicious, according as they are directed. One of these combinations seems to have been the case with Petrarch, whose desire of fame divided his attention with love, and in him was mostly confined to poetical reputation. This, as in the former case, led him to the consideration of the passion for fame in general: and, in his usual way, he gives a pageant of the most illustrious heroes and sages, patriots and poets, that adorned the several preceding ages.

"The soūl," says an amiable moralist, "considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its execution. The use therefore of the passions is, to stir it up and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and

to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive to the prosecution of his designs. This is particularly the end of AMBITION, which pushes the man on such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. (It was necessary that arts should be invented and improved, books written, and nations civilised, by various means.) Now, since the proper and genuine motives to such actions would only affect virtuous minds, there would be but small improvement in the world if there were not some common principle of action working equally in all. Such a principle is the love of fame!*" The poet and the moralist follow the same track in their endeavours "to turn this passion to its proper objects, and to show the necessity of securing the approbation of HIM, who can see those virtues which are incapable of any outward representation; who does not,

* Spectator, No. 257.

like created beings, view the soul through the false medium of outward actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions, and is the only Being who can reward them."

As the Poet had, in the former part of his work, given a near and intimate view of many who had made an illustrious figure in the world, he gradually reverses the telescope, and shows both them and this earthly stage on which they appeared, diminished and distanced to the eye, and almost annihilated in the boundless regions of eternity and immensity.

The TRIUMPH OF TIME is filled with some very striking images of human vicissitude, which probably at this eventful period will be perused with some interest: certainly at no point of time in the latter ages was the emptiness of ambition more clearly shown. Some of the images in this and the subsequent part of the Poem have a re-

semblance to the descriptions in Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead; but probably Petrarch was unacquainted with his works, which I believe had not been then translated. In Lucian, however, the scenes of mortality and the fate of monarchs only give rise to the cold suggestions of a proud and stubborn — I might add, a sceptical philosophy. But in the Christian Poet they suggest such topics as Revelation alone can afford, and without which, often, what we fear and what we feel would be insupportable.

The translator finds himself under the necessity of apologising to the public for taking some liberties with his Author by way of amplification. He is conscious that *he* cannot plead the example of those who could compensate for the want of rigid exactness, by appropriate ornaments and a transfusion of the spirit rather than a servile adherence to the letter. The latter practice, however, is not without its advocates: yet on

this question he declines to give his opinion, but will beg leave to refer his reading to the authority of Dryden, who ably points out the difference between a translation and a version. Where in the original only a name, with the addition perhaps of an epithet, is given, he has not scrupled to diversify, by a few characteristic marks, what in a less musical language than the Italian would seem a very dry catalogue.

INTRODUCTION.

THE attachment of Petrarch to Laura, so much distinguished in the annals of poetry and love, on account of its continuance and effects, seems to have owed, if not its origin, at least its modification to the peculiar train of thinking which prevailed in the romantic and chivalrous times preceding. The peculiar veneration for the fair sex, which seemed in the days of erratic adventure to give the passion of love a tincture of idolatry, had a natural tendency to introduce in process of time that dissolution of morals which make so conspicuous a figure in the famous *arrêts* of the courts of love (as they were called) in Provence, and other parts of France, before the time of the Charleses sixth and seventh. It is well known, that the offices of defending religion and pro-

tecting the fair sex, were looked upon as the primary and indispensible duties of the ancient knights errant. In the period of the first crusades, this combination produced many salutary effects, which it is not necessary here to detail: but, in later ages, when the swords of their gallant successors were unsheathed against the supposed enemies of the church, and they were led under the papal banner against the Albigenses, we may naturally conclude (and indeed the history of the times gives us no very equivocal testimony) that those champions were liberally compensated for their hazards by *indulgences*, which, according to circumstances, could either be obtained by purchase or military service. The translation of the papal residence from Rome to Avignon, in the 14th Century, had no tendency to retard the operation of these causes, which increased the corruption of the time, and gave but too much room for the spirited invectives of the satirists and reform-

ers of the time. Among these Dante and Petrarch made a remarkable figure: but in this, as in other particulars of their poetical character, they trode in the steps of the more ancient Provençal bards or troubadours, a race of men, whose writings had in many respects a tendency, no less to corrupt than to expose the corruptions of the times. It is not improbable, that Dante as well as Petrarch had tasted of the cup of Circe, and been caught for a time in the vortex of dissipation: for this indeed we have the confessions of the former as well as the latter. The author of the Divina Commedia inveighed against the licentiousness of the times in a strain of peculiar acrimony. The latter, though he sometimes indulged in a strain of censure, yet seems to have made it his principal endeavour to refine the *belle* passion from its grosser terrestrial sediment, and to wing its flight and direct its views to nobler objects; and to exhibit those forms in an engaging light, as

Plato and his followers had done before, with whose philosophy he was evidently acquainted *. In his talents, and the mode in which they are directed, Dante may sometimes be thought to resemble Swift. In these particulars the Bard of Vaucluse exhibits a nearer similitude to Addison, as the one depicted vice in the most odious colours, the other exhibited virtue in her most engaging form, particularly in the second part of his miscellaneous poems, and in what he calls the Triumphs of Death and of Eternity. The latter has also imitated the former, but probably with less energy: yet when we consider what obligations we are under to each, were it only for opening the mines of modern poetry, and contributing to improve the gross morals of the times in which they lived, it will probably tend to procure for this attempt a favourable reception from the English reader,

* At least through the medium of Augustini (De Civitate Dei, l. 10.), with whose work he was conversant.

and an allowance for the faults of the translation.

We find, in the *Récherches sur les Prérogatives* des Dames, chez les Gaulois*, some curious particulars relative to the influence of the fair sex in the northern and Celtic nations from the earliest times. The author first quotes from Tacitus a description of their great ascendancy among the Germans, on account of their supposed prophetical powers, and their being looked upon as more intimately connected with the superior orders of beings. In consequence hereof, their opinions had a very high authority in their most important consultations. "It is remarkable," he continues, "that, among the Celts and Scythians, whose passion for the sex being moderated by the climate, is far more temperate than that of the Southern Asiatics and the natives of the torrid zones; yet the respect and veneration in which women are held by the for-

* P. 18, et seq.: Ecl. Paris, 1787.

mer so far exceeds the regard paid to them by the latter, by whom they have been always held in a state of servitude: whereas, among the former, the empire of beauty is confirmed by a religious confidence."

"The Gauls," continues he, "were divided of old into sixty cantons, every one of which sent a *female* delegate to assist in a council composed of that sex, who deliberated on peace and war, and decided on the disputes which arose between the judges of the different cantons *. This council was established in consequence of a spirited harangue made by a Gallic matron on the choice of a military leader, and the duties of his station. The time of their creation was about 1177 years before the Christian era. By this council the Gauls were governed at the time of Hannibal; for it appears, that in the treaty concluded with him, that if any Gaul committed an offence

* Discours préliminaire de Hist. des Troubadours.

against a Carthaginian, the criminal should be judged by the assembly of dames*. To their administration succeeded that of the Druids. The Gauls, always conquerors under the government of women, lost their liberty at last by the perfidy of the ministers of religion†."

"A more singular trait of the character of the times exhibited itself nearly about the same period in Greece," according to the same author, "where the people of Elis, deeming themselves injured by the Pisans, and having in vain demanded satisfaction from Demophon, tyrant or chieftain of Pisa, after his death agreed with the Pisans to submit the matter in dispute to a court composed of sixteen matrons, chosen from the sixteen town-

* Variations, &c. de la Monarchie Gaulois, par G. de Sibert, 1765.

† This last remark shows the spirit of prejudice against the clergy, which *then* could only avail itself of such oblique attacks as this.

ships of Elis. The decision of these ladies was so agreeable to both parties, that they established a *perpetual college* of sixteen matrons, to preside over the *Junonian Games*, and assign the prizes *.

The author goes on to mention a female senate under Heliogabalus, where his mother Sæmis presided; but as the sex could derive no great honour from an institution sanctioned by such a character as *this* emperor exhibited, he proceeds to mark the union of sentiment between the Gauls and Germans with regard to their opinion of the female character, and observes, from Millot, " that when the public manners have taken a strong direction, many of the traces will remain for ages, and that consequently the inhabitants of the French provinces (*viz.* Gauls and Germans) long preserved for women the same kind of respect, and that chivalry did not create a new system

* Pausanias in Eliaces, p. 318, edit. Hanov.

of manners and opinions on this subject, but refined and extended the former. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that every gallant knight should have a *sovereign lady of his thoughts*, as they are often called by romance writers. In the memoirs of St. Palaye, it is asserted, that the first lessons which the pages (candidates for knighthood) learned, was the *love of God* and *of the ladies*, and that they were taught their catechism and the art of love by fair preceptresses at the same time *."

It is well known that the prizes at tournaments were given by ladies, and that they armed and disarmed the combatants; and that during the times of chivalry the chirurgic art was usually exercised by females of rank and condition on their wounded champions; nor was it unusual for the operations of a siege to

* Hist. de France, de Velly, tom. iv. p. 9.

be suspended, in order to give an opportunity to some champion to signalise himself for the honour of the sovereign *lady of his thoughts.*

The revolution produced in the manners of the times by the troubadours was highly favourable to the cause of female privilege—the charms of those whom they celebrated obtained a renown proportionable to the genius of the poet—many of the nobles of the south of France became members of that fraternity to which modern poetry is so much indebted. Were their only praise that of forming the taste and inspiring the genius of Dante and of Petrarch, it would be considerable: their madrigals tended to spread the use of the Provençal language through the greatest part of Europe, and among their patrons were enumerated the emperors Frederick the First and Second, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Thebaut Count of Champagne

and King of Navarre; the poems of the last of whom, in praise of his royal mistress*, were highly celebrated in those times. He is recorded as having been president to a kind of poetical academy, the first of the name in France, where the works of the several bards were examined, and judgement passed upon them. This probably gave occasion to what was called the *courts* of *love*, established, under the pretext of mutual improvement in every thing laudable, by those of both sexes who allowed its jurisdiction. This desire of glory, however, soon became the principle of a warmer attachment among many ladies and gentlemen, under the decorous name of *friendship*; and such then was the simplicity of manners, that, even in the presence of their husbands, ladies scrupled not to give very unequivocal marks of their friendship to their faithful knights, or to the poets who had ce-

* Surnamed Barbarossa.

lebrated their names. "Gratitude and esteem," says the author, "were expressed in the language of love; and the most honourable sentiments of this kind were couched in terms the most impassioned. This sort of gallantry was so much in the prevailing spirit of the time, that it spread its influence over all the concerns of life, and constituted the ordinary subject of conversation. Ladies, knights, and troubadours, exercised themselves in disputing on questions connected with the *belle* passion: scarce a sentiment of the heart could escape their sagacity. Whatever *finesse* was employed to conceal them, every case that could be imagined was foreseen, examined, and decided on. Often, by way of challenge, questions were proposed, to which they affixed more importance, and which were discussed with more solemnity, than affairs of state. Hence these assemblies obtained the name of the *Courts* of *Love*, the presidents of which were annually

elected, and were always some monarch of France, Spain, or England, or at least a Count of Auvergne or Provence, who generally were looked upon as equal in rank with crowned heads. A court of this kind, according to Nostradamus, "was held at Avignon during the residence of the Popes there, and the names of the ladies who composed it are recorded: some of the questions on which they decided were as follow:—

"*One* lover is so jealous, that he takes alarm at the merest trifles. Another is so blinded by his passion, that he cannot see the plainest evidences that his mistress scorns him, or prefers another.—Which is the truer lover?

"Two ladies had each a lover, and each lover was a knight errant. The one was valiant and ardent in the pursuit of military fame; he had resolved to go to a tournament, where he expected to gain the honour of the day;

but his sovereign mistress laid him under an interdict, and he relinquished his hopes with cheerfulness. The lover of the second could boast neither of courage nor of prowess, yet at the command of his mistress he took the field, and ventured his life, as the other had forfeited his honour.—Which was the truer lover?

"Two ladies, who in the minutes of the court are called *Florence* and *Blanche-fleur*, offered to its decision their contest upon the question—Whether a chevalier (a knight) or a churchman were the more proper object of a lady's regard, and the more accomplished character?—The court at this time consisted of a jury of gentlemen (besides the judges), who took the name of several birds. In this cause the *Hawk*, the *Falcon*, the *Parrot*, and the *Jay*, declared for the chevalier: the cause of the church was supported by the *Lapwing*, the *Lark*, and the *Nightingale*.

The latter (who also was called the counsellor of love) challenged the *Parrot* to decide the affair by combat; the challenge was accepted, the *Parrot* was unhorsed, and the lady who lost the cause died of grief at the triumph of the church*."

A collection of the *arrêts* or decisions of this court were published by Jean Martial D'Auvergne, an author who flourished in the 15th century, and a voluminous and learned commentary was added by Benoit le Court, enriched with a profusion of citations from the *code*†, the *digests*, the decrees, the decretals, in short from the whole body of civil and canon law, with suitable illustrations from the orators and poets; not to mention authorities still more venerable.

In one of these *arrêts*, a lady puts a question to the court; viz. Whether

* The famous decision, which led to the catastrophe of Cabestiano, will find a fitter place in a note when his story is introduced.

† Of Justinian.

it were not simony to accept presents from her lover?" Benoit le Court very gravely answers in the affirmative, and quotes the third law of the digest, *De Donatione inter Virum et Uxorem*, to prove, that love, being an *holy thing (quelque chose de Divin)*, consequently it is simony to purchase it." In another, a knight is plaintiff, who accuses his mistress of talking with his rivals, and receiving presents of *bouquets*, &c. from them, contrary to *the oath she had* taken to him. The commentator proves that this oath is null and void, as ladies have received from nature an unalienable right of discoursing with gentlemen, and receiving presents from them; and in the same code it is written, that the sovereign himself cannot deprive any one of a right which he or she has obtained from nature; and besides, the decree of Gratian has declared, that an oath which may occasion the demise of the party, is in itself null and void; and consequently the oath taken by

the lady not to converse with gentlemen (which, if kept, would probably occasion her death), is virtually nullified." There is in the continuator of Velly an account of a *Cour Amoreuse*, in the time of Charles the Sixth of France, "formed, as to the number and quality of its officers, on the model of the sovereign courts of justice, with president, counsellors, masters of requests, auditors, &c. &c.; and every thing that constitutes a superior jurisdiction was there specified. The greatest lords endeavoured to obtain a place in it. Princes of the blood were at the head of this association, entirely consecrated to LOVE: there were found in the list of the great officers, the names of the most ancient families of the realm, and of magistrates respectable from their age and station; and, what must appear singular in our times, one is astonished to find there the names of doctors of theology, grand vicars, chaplains, curés, canons of Paris and of many other cities—

a monstrous assemblage, which characterises the depravity of a gross age, where they did not know how to cover their vices with the mantle of decency."

In page 162 of this work, in the notes, there is a quotation from the Modern Universal History, translated into French (tom. 76, page 576) relative to the same subject:— "Some years ago there was found an ancient manuscript, in which details were given of a society devoted to gallantry, who took the name of *La Cour Amoureuse.* In this were found the names of the principal lords and gentlemen (members), ranged under their several titles: it appeared that this court was composed of degrees of office correspondent to those in royal establishments and similar jurisdictions. It constituted an association modified for the design of promoting pleasure, and, at the same time, of turning every thing important and serious into ridicule — a certain but melancholy

symptom of the ruin of a state. The disasters which befel that unfortunate kingdom in that and the succeeding reign*, are too well known to be enlarged on here." But the *more ancient* courts of love followed the fortunes of the troubadours, and with them they rose and fell for want of encouragement. As the French author asserts, they flourished from about the year 1130 to 1382: their last patroness was Joan queen of Naples and Sicily, celebrated for her misfortunes and her crimes. How far the writings of these poets contributed to the licentiousness of manners which prevailed during the greatest part of this period, can only be inferred from concomitant circumstances, as their productions have suffered in the wreck of ages the fate of more valuable monuments. The author indeed attempts to defend the characters of the first troubadours, who (many

* *Viz.* of Charles VI. and VII.

of them) were not only knights errant, but *religious missionaries,*

> Who prov'd their title orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks.

One evidence of their fervent zeal is adduced; *viz.* that they refused to form any compact of love or friendship with any person of an opposite faith: conversion and baptism were the only conditions on which their favour could be obtained. The manners of these ancient military bards are said to have been so correct, that "not a word or insinuation could be heard from them which could raise an alarm in the most apprehensive modesty." Even so late as the 15th century some individuals were found who still adhered to the strictness of the ancient institution, on the noblest and most rational principles *.

* An evidence of this appears in the address of Charles de Terrail to the famous Chevalier Bayard:—"My friend," says he, "if you wish to be happy, commence by a punctual

But, whatever degree of credit we may be induced to allow these ancient chevaliers for their purity and zeal, it is much to be feared that the perversion of the latter contributed at least to the corruption of the former. We at least are certain that the spirit of religious

discharge of all your duties, and ensure a favourable verdict from your conscience on all occasions. You are now entering upon the period of seduction, and your ears will shortly be saluted by the deceitful accents of pleasure. But reflect, my dear nephew, that (such is her illusive powers) the happiness which she promises fleets away after the intoxication of a moment. I have seen the court; I have considered with attention that tyrannic domination which is celebrated under the name of Pleasure; and I find, that at best (without considering its mischiefs to society, and the crimes and misfortunes which it occasions) it consigns its votaries to satiety, and from satiety the passage is short and certain to that state, when existence itself becomes a burden too heavy to be borne. Its accursed influence quickly renders a man incapable of every thing, it deprives him of all intellectual energy, and its victim is only known to be a rational creature by his powers of articulation. But let us act the part of chevaliers and men, let us respect the whole sex, but confine our love only to one; and let our passion be dignified by its combination with the pursuit of glory."

enterprise, which had been turned against the foes of the Christian name in Palestine, was soon directed into another channel against the unfortunate Albigeois, and that the persecution incited by papal influence raged with the greatest fury in the south of France, where this combination of licentiousness and foppery, which was distinguished by the name of the *Court of Love*, shortly afterward, and probably at the very time, was so prevalent. Who that is acquainted in the slightest degree with the history of *indulgences*, can doubt that the bigotry of the times was the parent of much depravity, and that the means of sensual gratification were purchased by the blood of the devoted?—That the court and politics of Rome were sometimes made the subjects of satirical invective by the Provençal poets, is not to be denied: but this was only incidental: their opposition to ecclesiastical tyranny was not an effect of a general cause, uniform in its operation, like that

impulse which they felt from the combined influence of ambition and pleasure. This policy of Rome was similar to that which Catiline had practised many ages before*; but the result was different—the schemes of the latter were crushed in their commencement by the *father* of his *country*: those of the former were permitted by Providence to run their career, till their excess tended to produce the most salutary consequences in the REFORMATION.

From many parts of the writings of Petrarch, both in prose and verse, it appears with what indignation he beheld the corruption of manners which had arisen to an alarming height, and been much increased by the translation of the papal see to Avignon, in a country where all the causes mentioned above had contributed to the dissolution of morals in a very uncommon degree. As this,

* Sallust. Bell. Catilin. c. 14.

in a great measure, was indebted for its origin to those celebrated associations called the *Courts of Love*, it is at least probable that he might have been induced, in the first poem, which he denominates the *Triumphs of Love*, to counteract the depravity which *they* had occasioned. The design of all these Poems, to which he has given the name of *Trionfi*, is evidently to direct the mind from degrading pursuits, to such objects as become a rational and immortal being. This, it is hoped, will be some apology for the present undertaking, to which might be added the encouragement given by a person highly distinguished for his genius and taste. Inducements, arising from circumstances, similar to those which might have weighed with Petrarch, were supplied by the period in which the translation was undertaken. The times of the ancient troubadours seem, in some respects, to be revived. Whether their genius has arisen from the tomb, it is not for the translator to determine;

but so many productions have lately appeared on Love and its congenial topics, and in such variety of forms and questionable shapes, that, if they possess that degree of poetical merit which their authors certainly arrogate (else they would not write), their effects on juvenile minds may demand some attention; for, if what certain philosophers assert be true, that, to give certain ideas too much scope, either paralyses the mind, or fosters those passions which are hostile to every mental energy, the circulation of such effusions, at any time, particularly at this period, ought to be deplored. If this, which may be called a *physical* inconvenience, were the only consequences of such studies, it ought to condemn them in the eyes of every philosopher who has any regard to the improvement of the mind, even with respect to intellectual pursuits. But other considerations, though intimately connected with this, deserve a more serious regard. Let any person

take a view of his own mind, after indulging in such meditations as some of these writings inspire, for any time, and see what a set of features it exhibits to the reflecting faculty. If he be disgusted with the picture, it is well; but if he be not displeased with the representation, it is a symptom that the *feeling* is nearly lost, which constitutes a sort of internal evidence of the truths of religion, and creates what (if we may be allowed the expression) may be called a *prejudice* in its favour. It is not to be expected that external proofs would find easy admittance into such a mind as this. Prejudice takes the other side; and against what we do not wish to find true, it is easy to find or to frame abundance of cavils.

It is granted that those sort of writings have a principle of morality in themselves, which in some measure counteracts the poison which they convey: *their* tendency to fire the mind to one idea is so incongruous with the

natural activity of the human mind, and its love of change, that they soon become insipid and die away, or are neglected; yet, as they make their appearance in constant succession, and in no inconsiderable numbers, their pernicious qualities have still some time for their operation. In general, however, at least in these kingdoms, the public mind requires more solid entertainment, something that does not show experimentally how the *soul embodies and embrutes, till it quite loses the divine property of its first being*, but what points its high destination, discloses nobler views, reanimates its declining energies, and discovers new scenes of activity. In fact, we find an incessant call for the works of Milton, Young, and Cowper, of which every year produces new editions in every various form, suited to the demands of the patrician and the peasant, with all their intermediate degrees; while their gay contemporaries, who fostered or flattered the vices of the times, are sunk in merited

oblivion, like the troubadours of old. And I will venture to augur that the authors of Thalaba and the Pleasures of Hope will be remembered as long as our language endures; while ——— and ———, with all the Asmodean fraternity, will sleep with *Sir Pandarus of Troy.* I mention these two living writers (not derogating from the merit of their contemporaries*, several of whom possess uncommon genius), on account of that moral sublime, and what I may call peculiar sanctity and elevation of thought, which prevail in their most finished compositions.

I would not have it supposed that I presume to pass a general censure on love sentiments or love tales, as that would be to condemn some of the finest and most instructive compositions of modern times, both in verse and prose. Love is like other

* Particularly Adeline, and the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

passions, of which we must form an estimate by their direction, their combination with principle, or their opposition to that which ennobles the nature of man. When it is excited by virtue, where it is founded on excellence of character, joined with those personal graces which are often the visible stamp of inward perfection, and where no paramount claims interfere, it is sanctioned by nature, and is one of the most genuine sources of that portion of happiness which is allotted to us in this world: but though this be a delightful state to the parties themselves, it has too much uniformity to interest the mind in poetical description, and can scarcely make a figure even in a pastoral. It is true, it is a passion whose influence spreads as far as human nature. Hence it is, that, by exciting our sympathy, it is rendered so interesting and instructive, where it is represented by a master-hand as revolting against the authority of reason, and

leading to the most tranquil events. The Spanish and Italian writers abound with examples of this kind. Even amid the grand and terrific displays of the effects of the stormy passions in epic poetry, amid the contests of potentates and the wreck of nations, when Ocean and Earth seem engaged in the decison, a love episode, from the nature of sympathy and the force of contrast, has the most pleasing effect. In this particular Tasso excels most other poets. I need only mention Sophronius and Olinda, and the Loves of Tancred. Our own Glover has given a fine specimen in his story of Téribazus, in Leonidas, and another ending fortunately in the character of Amarantha, in the Athenaïd. A virtuous attachment, when it encounters obstacles from similar passions of a baser origin, from tyranny, jealousy, or hatred, excites our congenial feelings of the moral kind, in proportion not only to our *corresponding* sentiments, but to the *merit* of the sufferers.

The final cause seems to be, that our benevolence and regard to virtue should be kept duly exercised. Our sympathy with Lovelace, in the hardships he meets with in his pursuits, is checked by our consciousness of the villainy of his designs. Yet that character is interesting, and the reasons appear to me to be these: he sometimes utters the sentiments of genuine tenderness; and we find his passion, though perverted and combined with some of the least amiable sort, is however undissembled. But what seems to me the part of his character which lays the strongest hold on the attention, is his struggles between the dictates of conscience, love, and honour, on one side; and revenge and libertinism on the other. When the latter obtain the victory, that mingled sensation of compassion for a rational soul in such a state of degradation and indignation, at the metamorphosis of the man into the fiend, is a feeling of the utmost importance to the

cause of virtue, and which, I believe, few can experience without becoming wiser and better.

When a love story has no tendency to give young people a romantic idea of human life, and when the principles of religion and virtue are woven into the narrative, or poem, by a master-genius like Richardson, who has all the avenues of the soul at his command, the occupation of the novelist, or poet, becomes of high importance indeed: for there (if we be allowed the expression) Virtue rides triumphant into the soul on the spring-tide of the passions. When love struggles with adversity, and is not highly objectionable in itself, it is an interesting object; but when it contends in vain with honour, conscience, principle, and religion—when the contest is described by one, who, by an intuitive glance, can survey the very inmost movements of the soul, and who can "render audible the march of

thoughts,"—it blends the noblest moral lessons with a delight, perhaps, the most exquisite of its sort that can be enjoyed here by an unadulterated mind, not merely because the subject is *love*, but because it exhibits passion gradually subdued by principle, the great business and prime lesson of life. I need only mention the names of Grandison and Clementina, and some of the characters in Marivaux, with those of several authors recently dead or still living. In the dramatic province, the reader will naturally recollect the names of Corneille, Racine, Crebillon the Elder, and Metastasio. These must ever interest; because, in combination with those opinions which in some degree are common to all, they excite the noblest energies of our nature. The natural sentiments of pure attachment is always pleasing where it is refined into tender friendship. Many instances of this may be seen in the songs of Burns, when his Muse, in consequence of a virtuous con-

nexion, had lost that dingy, libertine hue, which she had contracted in her former associations. Such, too, is that beautiful song beginning, *O Nanny wilt thou go with me*, &c. But as to sentiments of another nature, the mere whinings of animal passion against the sanctions (very often) of virtue, decency, and every thing respectable — in the ear of reason, notwithstanding they may be distinguished by the name of Tibullus*, they only express the sensations of a Gryllus, though they may be couched in† "*elegant terms of the best*," according to the taste of the male and female DAME QUICKLYS of the day.

In short, we must either admit the monstrous position, that our animal propensities are to be stimulated incessantly at the expense of every nobler principle of our nature (for they cannot subsist, with

* It appears that the object of the applauded passion of Tibullus was *a married woman*.

† See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 2.

due efficacy, together), or allow that such writings have a very pernicious effect, particularly on juvenile minds: they destroy the mental balance, as they weaken that moral feeling which is bestowed by nature for the purpose of counteracting the dangerous passions. Our active powers are limited for the most beneficial purposes, if we could at once indulge in unworthy pursuits to the utmost excess, and, immediately after, apply our faculties to intellectual improvement with undiminished vigour. It is hard to conceive the degree of corruption which would naturally result from such powers combined with such depravity. Our enjoyments must be adapted to give us pleasure adequate to the *whole* of our nature. That gloomy despondence and debasement of intellect which generally succeeds a course of vicious indulgence, is a state of mind so unnatural, that it often proves intolerable, and not seldom ends in suicide or madness; and the

victim becomes a deplorable warning to the votaries of dissipation. That the mind in such a state should recover its tone, is scarcely, if ever, to be expected: for, generally, before that can be the case, in the natural course of things, the season for mental exertion and moral improvement is past, never to return!

A learned father of the church has given an elaborate detail of the means employed by Providence, from age to age, to complete that spiritual edifice which he denominates the CITY of GOD, and describes at large the hostile attempts of the Powers of Darkness to work its overthrow. Had he lived in our times, he might have observed the combined efforts of the necessarian and fatalist to storm this fortress, and the more insidious attempts of the ministers of voluptuousness to undermine its foundations. By the doctrines of the former, the difference between right conduct and wrong is, in effect, denied; and of course all *moral* restraint on human actions

is removed; depravity is (as far as they succeed) established on the foundation of destiny; and the mind is gradually prepared for that political slavery which is threatened by the sudden and portentous increase of a formidable continental dynasty.

It is curious to observe to what miserable subterfuges the advocates for fatalism are driven, when they are pressed by the common sense and experience of all mankind, who feel, that, in the words of our immortal Bard, "*Reason also is choice**." *One*† expressly denies the existence of moral freedom even in perception; *another*‡ allows the reality of the perception, but says that (in the case of remorse, for instance) it is only an *illusion of passion;* and, in his preface, congratulates himself, and the whole philosophical world,

* Milton; see also Par. Lost, IX. p. 350.

† Edwards.

‡ Lord Kame's Essays on Religion, &c.

on the wonderful discovery!—Now, if we cannot depend upon our internal perceptions, the consequences drawn from this doctrine by sceptical writers subsist in their full force, and I do not see what barriers can be opposed to the most impious conclusions on these principles.

As to the second class of authors, who, by their licentious writings, scatter among unwary readers "firebrands, arrows, and death," and pretend they are "only in sport," some of them probably may think to avail themselves of the curious apology of Sterne—"I wish I never had wrote it—but as I never blot any thing out, let us use some *honest* means to get it out of our heads directly."—If this apology stand good at another tribunal than that of the *arbiters* of *pleasure*, they may congratulate themselves. I cannot hope that they should be startled by any consequences of their conduct that I have endeavoured to point out, but I hope I shall be excused for endeavouring to support my

feeble arguments by the opinions of two authors, whose endeavours to promote religion, virtue, and genuine taste, have raised them to a very distinguished rank in the public opinion, notwithstanding the depravity of the times.

"Novels" (says the author of the Pursuits of Literature, speaking of a celebrated romance) "of this seductive and libidinous tendency, excite disgust, fear, and honour, in every man and woman who reflect upon those virtues which alone give support, comfort, and continuance to human society. Its interests, and the essential welfare, and even the very existence of this kingdom, authorise any man, though conscious of manifold frailties, to speak in the manner I have done; for we cannot long deceive ourselves. Poetical men, of loose and ungoverned morals, can offer to us and to themselves but feeble consolations from wit and imagery, when left to solitary reflection and the agony of remorse.

I never found this so well represented, or so unanswerably enforced to every understanding capable of *recalling itself* from vicious conduct and irregular inclination, as in this short sentence — 'Whoever *wholly* give themselves up to lust, will soon find it to be the least fault they are guilty of.' "

This, indeed, is the natural progress of this vice in particular; for it not only contracts the intellect, but deadens the finer sympathetic feelings so far, that it is a general remark, that no person is so completely selfish as the habitual voluptuary, though few make such arrogant claims to public spirit, as if *they* (as Cowper observes) "could love their country, who scarce can be said to love any person in it."

"I cannot help," he continues, "to recommend with peculiar earnestness the attentive perusal of one of the most instructive and useful short pieces of biography which I ever read, in the Life of Dr. Johnson by Sir

John Hawkins, from p. 222 to 232: it is peculiarly important to many young men who live in the allurements of a great and high-viced town, or among *freethinking literati*, and the more calm and sober sensualists. Men who live in London, and keep much company, will feel the force of the observation. It is the account of Mr. John Dyer, a man of genius, politeness, and learning: the conclusion of it, in the words of Sir John Hawkins, is very impressive:—'I have been thus particular 'in the history of this accomplished and hopeful 'young man, whom I once loved with the 'affection of a brother; with a view to show 'the tendency of idleness, and to point out at 'what avenue vice may gain admittance in 'minds seemingly the most strongly fortified. 'The assailable part of his mind was laxity 'of principle: at this entered infidelity, which 'was followed by temptations to pleasure, *such* '*as he could see no reason to resist.* This

'led on desires after the means of gratification;
'and the pursuit of them was his destruction.'"

On a very impudent apology for publishing such writings, given by a late editor of a celebrated author, he thus observes:—"Dr. W. tells us, first, from Sir Thomas Browne, that there is a certain list of vices committed in all ages, and declaimed against by all authors, which will last as long as human nature; or, digested into common places, may serve for any theme, and never be out of date till doomsday. Instead of a spirited vindication of moral satire, Dr. W. laughs at the effects of it, and very unadvisedly seems to discourage even the endeavour after reformation of manners. If I am asked how? I answer thus: Dr. W. tells us from a certain wit, 'Mount in the pulpit with Bourdaloue, 'or take the pen with La Bruyère—it is only so 'much time lost—the world will go on as 'before.'—The morality of Voltaire surely

cannot be the morality of Dr. W. . . . . . I may add, if *this* way of arguing against every endeavour to reform the manners of mankind, and to recall them to virtue and wisdom, is to be adopted, we are indeed in the high road to ruin: fortunately there is as much sense as there is policy and truth in this indiscreet and dangerous doctrine. I might as well say, there is always a certain list or catalogue of diseases, infirmities, and miseries attendant upon every human being in every stage of his earthly existence; and which will appear to disquiet and lay waste the species in all ages. The art of medicine never can wholly remove them, and they will never be out of date till doomsday. What is the use of the physician and his skill? we should never apply to him, but suffer silently till our dissolution takes place, without any attempt to remove the pain and misery that 'flesh is heir to,' even when it is in our power to mitigate, or perhaps to cure them. I

really cannot pass by doctrines like this without animadversion, especially when they are recommended or approved by one whose office is to declare, pronounce, and enforce the doctrine of moral reformation. He should not forget the constitution of the natural and moral world, '*Good is set against evil, and* '*life against death*': so look upon the works of 'the Most High — there are *two* and *two*, one 'against the other.'—I *feel* I am right in laying these remarks before the public."

Cowper addresses with uncommon severity those who make the pen—

> Worse than a poignard in the basest hand:
> It stabs at once the morals of the land.
>
> — — — — —
>
> Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
> Footing it to the dance that Fancy leads;
> Ye novelists, that mar what ye would mend,
> Snivelling and drivelling folly without end,
> Whose corresponding misses fill the ream
> With sentimental frippery and dream,
> Caught in a delicate soft silken net
> By some lewd earl or rakeful baronet;

Ye pimps, who under virtue's fair pretence
Steal to the closet of young innocence,
And teach her, unexperienced yet and green,
To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen,
Who, kindling a combustion, of desire,
By some cold moral think to quench the fire.
— — — — —
O that a verse had power and could command
Far, far away, the flesh-flies of the land;
Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
And suck, and leave a craving maggot there! —
Howe'er disguis'd th' inflammatory tale,
And cover'd with a fine-spun specious veil,
Such writers and such readers owe the gust
And relish of these pleasures all to lust.
— — — — —
Woe to the man whose art disclaims its use,
Glittering in vain, or only to seduce;
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admires the work, but steps the lesson by;
His hours of leisure and recess employs
In drawing pictures of forbidden joys;
Retires to blazon his own worthless name,
Or shoot the careless with a surer aim!

The following lines of Cowper might have been inserted with more advantage in a note on the concluding canto of the Triumphs of Love;

but that part of the work having gone to press before I met with the passage, I thought it better to place them here than entirely to pass them by, as they contain a lesson which cannot be inculcated too frequently:—

With caution taste the sweet Cercæan cup,
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assum'd; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
Call'd to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and *he alone*, does right,
If a wish wander that way, call it home—
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam:
But if you pass the threshold, you are caught,
Die then, if Power Almighty save you not;
There, hard'ning by degrees, till, double-steel'd,
Take leave of nature's God, and God reveal'd;
Then laugh at all you trembled at before,
And joining the freethinkers' brutal roar,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
That Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense!

The inference which he makes is tremendous:—

If clemency, revolted by abuse,
Be damnable—then damn'd without excuse.

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

PETRARCH.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

PART THE FIRST.

The fatal morning dawn'd that brought again*
The sad memorial of my ancient pain;
That day, the source of long-protracted woe,
When I began the plagues of Love to know,
Hypercon's throne, along the azure field,
Between the splendid horns of Taurus wheel'd;
And from her spouse the Queen of Morn withdrew
Her sandals, gemm'd with frost-bespangled dew.

* The anniversary of the 6th of April, when his passion for Laura commenced.—See Sonnet the Third.

Sad Recollection, rising with the morn
Of my disastrous Love, repaid with scorn,
Oppress my sense; till welcome soft repose
Gave a short respite from my swelling woes.
Then seem'd I in a vision borne away,
Where a deep winding vale sequester'd lay[1];
Nor long I rested on the flowery green
Ere a soft radiance dawn'd along the scene.—
Fallacious sign of Hope! for, close behind,
Dark shades of coming woe were seen combin'd.
There, on his car, a conqu'ring chief I spied,
Like Rome's proud sons, that led the living tide
Of vanquish'd foes, in long triumphal state,
To Capitolian Jove's disclosing gate.
With little joy I saw the splendid show,
Spent and dejected by my lengthen'd woe;
Sick of the world, and all its worthless train,
That world, where all the hateful passions reign;
And yet intent the mystic cause to find,
(For knowledge is the banquet of the mind)

Languid and slow I turn'd my cheerless eyes
On the proud warrior, and his uncouth guise.
High on his seat an archer youth was seen,
With loaded quiver, and malicious mien;
Nor plate, nor mail, his cruel shaft can ward,
Nor polish'd burganet* the temples guard;
His burning chariot seemed by coursers drawn;
While, like the snows that clothe the wintry lawn,
His waving wings with rainbow colour gay
On either naked shoulder seem'd to play;
And, filing far behind, a countless train
In sad procession hid the groaning plain:
Some, captive, seem'd in long disastrous strife,
Some, in the deadly 'fray, bereft of life[2];
And freshly wounded some. A viewless hand
Led me to mingle with the mournful band,
And learn the fortunes of the sentenc'd crew,
Who, pierc'd by Love, had bid the world adieu.

* Old word for an helmet.

With keen survey I mark'd the ghostly show,
To find a shade among the sons of Woe
To memory known: but every trace was lost
In the dim features of the moving host:
Oblivion's hand had drawn a dark disguise
O'er their wan lineaments and beamless eyes.
At length, a pallid face I seem'd to know;
Which wore, methought, a lighter mask of woe[3];
He call'd me by my name.—"Behold!" he cried,
"What plagues the hapless thralls of Love abide!"—
"How am I known by thee?" with new surprise
I cried; "no mark recalls thee to my eyes."—
"O heavy is my load!" he seem'd to say;
"Through this dark medium no detecting ray
Assists thy sight; but I, like thee, can boast
My birth on fam'd Etruria's ancient coast."—
The secret which his murky mask conceal'd,
His well-known voice and Tuscan tongue reveal'd;
Thence to a lighter station we repair'd,
And thus the phantom spoke, with mild regard:—

" We thought to see thy name with ours enroll'd
Long since; for oft thy looks this fate foretold."—
" True," I replied; " but I surviv'd the strife:
His arrows reach'd me, but were short of life."—
Pausing, he spoke:—" A spark to flame will rise,
And bear thy name in glory to the skies."—
His meaning was obscure, but in my breast
I felt the substance of his words imprest,
As sculptur'd stone, or monumental brass,
Keeps the firm record, or heroic face.
With youthful ardour new, and hope inspir'd,
Quick from my grave companion I requir'd
The name and fortunes of the passing train,
And why in mournful pomp they trod the plain.—
" Time," he return'd, " the secret then will show,
When thou shalt join the retinue of Woe:
But years shall sprinkle o'er thy locks with gray,
And alter'd looks the signs of age betray,
Ere at his powerful touch the fetters fall,
Which many a moon thy captive limbs shall gall:

Yet will I grant thy suit, and give to view
The various fortunes of the captive crew:
But mark their leader first, that chief renown'd—
The Power of Love! by every nation own'd.
His sway thou soon, as well as we, shalt know,
Stung to the heart by goads of dulcet woe.
In him unthinking youth's mis-govern'd rage,
Join'd with the cool malignity of age,
Is known to mingle with insidious guile *,
Deep, deep conceal'd beneath an infant's smile.
The child of Slothful Ease, and Sensual Heat—
By sweet delirious thoughts, in dark retreat,
Mature in mischief grown—he springs away,
A winged god, and thousands own his sway.
Some, as thou seest, are number'd with the dead,
And some the bitter drops of sorrow shed
Through ling'ring life, by viewless tangles bound,
That link the soul, and chain it to the ground.

* This character of Love deserves particular attention. Cervantes seems to have borrowed the idea.

There Cæsar walks! of Celtic laurels proud,
Nor feels himself in sensual bondage bow'd:
He treads the flow'ry path, nor sees the snare
Laid for his honour by th' Egyptian Fair.
Here Love his Triumph shows, and leads along
The world's great owner in the captive throng;
And o'er the master of unscepter'd kings
Exulting soars, and claps his purple wings.
See his adopted son! he knew her guile,
And nobly scorn'd the Syren of the Nile *;
Yet fell by Roman charms — and from her spouse
The pregnant consort bore, regardless of her vows †.
There, cruel Nero feels his iron heart
Lanc'd by imperious Love's resistless dart;
Replete with rage, and scorning human ties,
He falls the victim of two conqu'ring eyes ‡;

* Augustus Cæsar. † Livia.

‡ Poppea: for their stories, see the Roman History and Classical Dictionary.

Deep ambush'd there in philosophic spoils,
The little tyrant tries his artful wiles[5]:
E'en in that hallow'd breast, where, deep enshrin'd,
Lay all the varied treasures of the mind,
He lodg'd his venom'd shaft. The hoary sage,
Like meaner mortals, felt the passion rage
In boundless fury for a strumpet's charms,
And clasp'd the shining mischief in his arms.—
See Dionysius link'd with Pheræ's lord *,
Pale doubt and dread on either front abhorr'd.
Scowl terrible! yet Love assign'd their doom;
A wife and mistress mark'd them for the tomb!—
The next is he that on Antandro's coast
His fair Crëusa mourn'd, for ever lost[6];
Yet cut the bonds of Love on Tyber's shore,
And bought a bride with young Evander's gore.
Here droop'd the victim of a lawless flame †:
The amorous frenzy of the Cretan dame

* The Tyrant of Syracuse and of Pheræ: for their stories, see the dictionaries, and the notes on Dantes' Inferno, c. 12.

† Hippolytus.

He fled abhorrent, and contemn'd her tears,
And to the dire suggestion clos'd his ears.
But nought, alas! his purity avail'd—
Fate in his flight the hapless youth assail'd,
By interdicted Love to Vengeance fir'd;
And by his father's curse the son expir'd.
The stepdame shar'd his fate, and dearly paid
A spouse, a sister, and a son betray'd*:
Her conscience, by the false impeachment, stung,
Upon herself return'd the deadly wrong;
And he, that broke before his plighted vows†,
Met his deserts in an adult'rous spouse.
See! where he droops between the sister dames,
And fondly melts—the other scorns his flames.—
The mighty slave of Omphale behind‡
Is seen, and he whom Love and Fraud combin'd‖

* Ariadne, first betrothed to Theseus, but supplanted by her sister.—See the fine play of T. Corneille on this subject.

† Theseus. ‡ Hercules.

‖ Achilles, inveigled to the temple under pretext of a marriage with Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, and there killed by Paris.

Sent to the shades of everlasting night;
And still he seems to weep his wretched plight.—
There, Phillis mourns Demophion's broken vows,
And fell Medea there pursues her spouse*:
With impious boast, and shrill upbraiding cries,
She tells him how she broke the holy ties
Of kindred for his sake; the guilty shore
That from her poniard drank a brother's gore;
The deep affliction of her royal sire,
Who heard her flight with imprecations dire.—
See! beauteous Helen, with her Trojan swain—
The royal youth that fed his amorous pain,
With ardent gaze, on those destructive charms
That waken'd half the warring world to arms.—
Yonder, behold Oënone's despair†,
Who mourns the triumphs of the Spartan fair!
The injur'd husband answers groan for groan,
And young Hermione with piteous moan

* Jason.—See Pindar, Euripides, Apollonius, and Ovid. Metam. and Epistles.

† Forsaken by Paris.—See Ovid's Epistles.

Orestes calls; while Laodamia near*
Bewails her valiant consort's fate severe.—
Adrastus' daughter there laments his spouse
Sincere and constant to her nuptial vows;
Yet, lur'd by *her*, with gold's seductive aid,
Her lord, Eriphile, to death betray'd."

And now, the baleful anthem, loud and long,
Rose in full chorus from the passing throng;
And Love's sad name, the cause of all their woes,
In execrations seem'd the dirge to close.—
But who the number and the names can tell
Of those that seem'd the deadly strain to swell!—
Not men alone, but gods my dream display'd—
Celestial wailings fill'd the myrtle shade:
Soft Venus, with her Lover, mourn'd the snare,
The King of Shades†, and Proserpine the Fair;

* Laodamia, whose husband Protesilaus was the first who fell when the Greeks landed at Troy.

† Pluto.

Juno, whose frown disclos'd her jealous spite;
Nor, less enthrall'd by Love, the god of Light,
Who held in scorn the winged warrior's dart
Till in his breast he felt the fatal smart. —
Each god, whose name the learned Roman told,
In Cupid's numerous levy seem'd enroll'd;
And, bound before his car in fetters strong,
In sullen state the Thund'rer march'd along.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

PART THE SECOND.

THUS, as I view'd th' interminable host,
The prospect seem'd at last in dimness lost:
But still the wish remain'd, their doom to know,
As, watchful, I survey'd the passing show.
As each majestic form emerg'd to light,
Thither, intent, I turn'd my sharpen'd sight;
And soon a noble pair my notice drew,
That, hand in hand approaching, met my view.
In gentle parley, and communion sweet—
With looks of love, they seem'd mine eyes to meet;

Yet strange was their attire — their tongue unknown
Spoke them the natives of a distant zone;
But every doubt my kind assistant clear'd,
Instant I knew them, when their names were heard.
To one, encourag'd by his aspect mild,
I spoke — the other with a frown recoil'd. —
" O Massinissa!" thus my speech began[8],
" By Scipio's friendship, and the gentle ban
Of constant Love, attend my warm request."
Turning around, the solemn shade address'd
His answer thus: — " With like desire I glow
Your lineage, name, and character, to know,
Since you have learnt my name." — With soft reply
I said, " A name like mine can nought supply
The notice of renown like yours to claim.
No smother'd spark like mine emits a flame
To catch the public eye, as you can boast —
A leading name in Cupid's numerous host!

Alike his future victims and the past
Shall own the common tie, while Time itself shall last.
But tell me (if your guide allow a space
The semblance of those tendant shades to trace)
The names and fortunes of the following pair
Who seem the noblest gifts of mind to share."—
"My name," he said, "you seem to know so well
That faithful Memory all the rest can tell;
But as the sad detail may soothe my woes,
Listen, while I my mournful doom disclose:—
To Rome and Scipio's cause my faith was bound,
E'en Lælius* scarce a warmer friendship own'd:
Where'er their ensigns fann'd the summer sky,
I led my Libyans on, a firm ally;
Propitious Fortune still advanc'd his name,
Yet more than she bestow'd, his worth might claim.

* The celebrated friend of Scipio Africanus.

Still we advanc'd, and still our glory grew
While westward far the Roman eagle flew
With conquest wing'd: but my unlucky star
Led me, unconscious, to the fatal snare
Which Love had laid. I saw the regal Dame—
Our hearts at once confest a mutual flame.
Caught by the lure of interdicted joys,
Proudly I scorn'd the stern forbidding voice
Of Roman policy; and hop'd the vows
At Hymen's altar sworn, might save my spouse.
But oh! that wond'rous man, who ne'er would yield
To Passion's call, the cruel sentence seal'd,
That tore my consort from my fond embrace,
And left me sunk in anguish and disgrace.
Unmov'd he saw my briny sorrows flow,
Unmov'd he listen'd to my tale of woe!
But Friendship, wak'd at last, with reverent awe,
Obsequious, own'd his mind's superior law;
And to that holy and unclouded light,
That led him on through Passion's dubious night,

Submiss I bow'd; for oh! the beam of day
Is dark to him that wants her guiding ray!—
Love, hardly conquer'd, long repin'd in vain,
When Justice link'd the adamantine chain;
And cruel Friendship o'er the conquer'd ground
Rais'd with strong hand th' insuperable mound.
To him I ow'd my laurels nobly won—
I lov'd him as a brother, sire, and son,
For in an equal race our lives had run;
Yet the sad price I paid with burning tears;—
Dire was the cause that woke my gloomy fears!
Too well the sad result my soul divin'd,
Too well I knew the unsubmitting mind
Of Sophonisba would prefer the tomb
To stern captivity's ignoble doom.
I, too, sad victim of celestial wrath,
Was forc'd to aid the tardy stroke of death:
With pangs I yielded to her piercing cries,
To speed her passage to the nether skies;

And, worse than death, endur'd her mind to save
From shame, more hateful than the yawning grave[9].—
What was my anguish, when she seiz'd the bowl,
She knows! and you, whose sympathising soul
Has felt the fiery shaft, may guess my pains—
Now tears and anguish are her sole remains.
That treasure, to preserve my faith to Rome,
Those hands committed to th' untimely tomb;
And every hope and joy of life resign'd
To keep the stain of falsehood from my mind.
But hasten, and the moving pomp survey,
(The light-wing'd moments brook no long delay,)
To try if any form your notice claims
Among those love-lorn youths and am'rous dames."—
With poignant grief I heard his tale of woe,
That seem'd to melt my heart like vernal snow,
When a low voice these sullen accents sung:— 100
" Not for himself, but those from whom he sprung,

He merits fate; for I detest them all
To whose fell rage I owe my country's fall [10]."
"O calm your rage, unhappy Queen!" I cried;
"'Twice was the land and sea in slaughter dyed
By cruel Carthage, till the sentence past
That laid her glories in the dust at last."—
"Yet mournful wreaths no less the victors crown'd;
In deep despair our valour oft they own'd.
Your own impartial annals yet proclaim
The Punic glory and the Roman shame."

She spoke—and with a smile of hostile spite
Join'd the deep train, and darken'd to my sight.
Then, as a traveller through lands unknown
With care and keen observance journeys on;
Whose dubious thoughts his eager steps retard,
Thus through the files I pass'd with fixt regard;
Still singling some amid the moving show,
Intent the story of their loves to know.
A spectre now within my notice came,
Though dubious marks of joy, commixt with shame,

His features wore, like one who gains a boon
With secret glee, which shame forbids to own.
O dire example of the Demon's power!
The father leaves the hymeneal bower [11]
For his incestuous son; the guilty spouse
With transport, mixt with honour, meets his vows!
In mournful converse now, amidst the host,
Their compact they bewail'd, and Syria lost!
INSTANT, with eager step, I turn'd aside,
And met the double husband, and the bride,
And with an earnest voice the first address'd:—
A look of dread the spectre's face express'd,
When first the accents of victorious Rome
Brought to his mind his kingdom's ancient doom.
At length, with many a doleful sigh, he said,
"You here behold Seleucus' royal shade.
Antiochus is next; his life to save,
My ready hand my beauteous consort gave,
(From me, whose will was law, a legal prize,)
That bound our souls in everlasting ties

Indissolubly strong. The royal fair
Forsook a throne to cure the deep despair
Of him, who would have dar'd the stroke of Death,
To keep, without a stain, his filial faith.
A skilful leech the deadly symptoms guess'd;
His throbbing veins the secret soon confess'd
Of Love with Honour match'd, in dire debate,
Whenever he beheld my lovely mate;
Else gentle Love, subdu'd by filial dread,
Had sent him down among th' untimely dead."—
Then, like a man that feels a sudden thought
His purpose change, the mingling crowd he sought,
And left the question, which a moment hung
Scarce half suppressed upon my fault'ring tongue.
Suspended for a moment, still I stood,
With various thoughts opprest in musing mood.
At length a voice was heard, "The passing day
Is yours, but it permits not long delay."—
I turn'd in haste, and saw a fleeting train
Outnumbering those who pass'd the surging main

By Xerxes led—a naked wailing crew,
Whose wretched plight the drops of sorrow drew
From my full eyes.—Of many a clime and tongue
Commixt, the mournful pageant mov'd along.
While scarce the fortunes or the name of one
Among a thousand passing forms was known,
I spy'd that Æthiopian's * dusky charms,
Which woke in Perseus' bosom Love's alarms;
And next was he † who for a shadow burn'd,
Which the deceitful wat'ry glass return'd;
Enamour'd of himself, in sad decay—
Amid abundance, poor—he look'd his life away;
And now transform'd through passion's baneful pow'r,
He o'er the margin hangs, a drooping flower;
While, by her hopeless love, congeal'd to stone,
His mistress seems to look in silence on;
Then he that lov'd, by too severe a fate,
The cruel maid who met his love with hate [12],

* Andromeda. † Narcissus.

Pass'd by; with many more who met their doom 160
By female pride, and fill'd an early tomb.—
There too, the victim of her plighted vows,
Halcyone* for ever mourns her spouse;
Who now, in feathers clad, as poets feign,
Makes a short summer on the wintry main.—
Then he† that to the cliffs the maid pursu'd,
And seem'd by turns to soar, and swim the flood;—
And she, who, snar'd by Love, her father sold,
With her‡ who fondly shar'd the rolling gold;
And her young paramour, who made his boast
That he had gain'd the prize his rivals lost‖.—
Acis and Galatea next were seen,
And Polyphemus with infuriate mien;—

* See Ovid. Metam. l. 8.

† Æsacus.—Ovid. Metam. l. 11. sub. fin.

‡ Atalanta.—Ovid. Metam. l. 10.

‖ Most of the characters and stories introduced here are to be found in the thirteenth and fourteenth books of the Metamorphoses, and in the Dictionaries.

And Glaucus there, by rival arts assail'd,
Fell Circe's hate and Scylla's * doom bewail'd.—
Then sad Carmenta, with her royal lord,
Whom the fell sorceress clad, by arts abhorr'd,
With plumes; but still the regal stamp impress'd
On his imperial wings and lofty crest.—
Then she, whose tears the springing fount supplied;—
And she whose form above the rolling tide
Hangs a portentous cliff—the royal fair†,
Who wrote the dictates of her last despair
To him whose ships had left the friendly strand,
With the keen steel in her determin'd hand.—
There, too, Pygmalion‡, with his new-made spouse,
With many more, I spied, whose amorous vows

* Scylla, the daughter of Nisus.—See Ovid. Metam. l. 8.

† Dido.—This alludes to that Epistle of Ovid to which her name is prefixed.

‡ See Ovid. Metam. l. 10.

And fates in never-dying song resound
Where Aganippe laves the sacred ground:—
And last of all I saw the lovely maid[13]
Of Love unconscious, by an oath betray'd.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

PART THE THIRD.

Like one by wonder 'reft of speech, I stood
Pond'ring the mournful scene in pensive mood;
As one that waits advice. My guide in haste
Began: — "You let the moments run to waste:
What objects hold you here? — *my* doom you know;
Compell'd to wander with the sons of woe!"—
"O yet awhile afford your friendly aid!
You see my inmost soul;" submiss I said:
"The strong unsated wish you there can read;
The restless cravings of my mind to feed

With tidings of the dead."—In gentler tone
He said, "Your longings in your looks are known;
You wish to learn the names of those behind
Who through the vale in long procession wind:
I grant your prayer, if Fate allows a space,"
He said, "their fortunes, as they come, to trace:—
See that majestic shade that moves along,
And claims obeisance from the ghostly throng:
'Tis Pompey; with the partner* of his vows,
Who mourns the fortunes of her slaughter'd spouse,
By Egypt's servile band.—The next is he†
Whom Love's tyrannic spell forbade to see
The danger by his cruel consort plann'd,
Till Fate surpris'd him by her treacherous hand.—
Let Constancy and Truth exalt the name
Of her‡, the lovely candidate for fame,
Who sav'd her spouse!—Then Pyramus is seen
And Thisbe, through the shade, with pensive mien;—

* Cornelia, the second wife of Pompey.
† Agamemnon. ‡ Hypermnestra.

Then Hero w th Leander moves along,—
And great Ulysses, tow'ring in the throng:
His visage wears the signs of anxious thought.
There sad Penelope laments her lot:
With trickling tears she seems to chide his stay,
While fond Calypso charms her love-delay.—
Next he * who brav'd in many a bloody fight,
For years on years, the whole collected might
Of Rome, but sunk at length in Cupid's snare
The shameful victim of th' Apulian fair! —
Then she †, that, in a servile dress pursu'd,
('Reft of her golden locks) o'er field and flood,
With peerless faith, her exil'd spouse unknown,
With whom of old she fill'd a lofty throne.—
Then Portia comes, who fire and steel defied;
And Julia ‡, griev'd to see a second bride

* Hannibal. † The wife of Mithridates, king of Pontus.
‡ The daughter of Julius Cæsar, and first wife of Pompey, on whose death he married Cornelia.

Engage her consort's love.—The Hebrew swain*
Appears, who sold himself his love to gain
For seven long summers—a vivacious flame,
Which neither years nor constant toil could tame!—
Then Isaac, with his father, joins the band,
Who, with his consort, left at God's command,
Led by the lamp of Faith, his native land.—
David is next, by lawless passion sway'd;
And, adding crime to crime, at last betray'd
To deeds of blood, till solitude and tears
Wash'd his dire guilt away, and calm'd his fears.
The sensual vapour, with Cercæan fume,
Involv'd his royal son in deeper gloom,
And dimm'd his glory, till, immerst in vice,
His heart renounc'd the Ruler of the Skies,
Adopting Stygian gods:—The changeful hue
Of his incestuous brother meets your view,

* Jacob.

Who lurks behind: observe the sudden turn
Of LOVE and HATRED blanch his cheek, and burn!
His ruin'd sister there, with frantic speed,
To Absalom recounts the direful deed.—
Samson behold, a prey to female fraud!
Strong, but unwise, he laid the pledge of God
In her fallacious lap, who basely sold
Her husband's honour for Philistian gold.—
Judith[14] is nigh, who, midst an host in arms,
With gentle accents and alluring charms
Their chief o'ercame, and, at the noon of night,
From his pavilion sped her vent'rous flight
With one attendant slave, who bore along
The tyrant's head amid the hostile throng;
Adoring HIM who arms the feeble hand,
And bids the weak a mighty foe withstand.—
Unhappy Sichem* next is seen, who paid
A bloody ransom for an injur'd maid:

* See Genesis, 34.

His guiltless sire and all his slaughter'd race,
With many a life, attend the foul disgrace.
Such was the ruin by a sudden gust
Of passion caus'd, when murther follow'd lust!—
That other*, like a wise physician, cur'd
An abject passion, long with pain endur'd:
To Vashti for an easy boon he sued;
She scorn'd his suit, and rage his love subdued:
Soon to its aid a softer passion came,
And from his breast expell'd the former flame:
Like wedge by wedge displac'd, the nuptial ties
He breaks, and soon another bride supplies.—
But if you wish to see the bosom (war
Of Jealousy and Love) in deadly jar,
Behold that royal Jew[15]! the dire control
Of Love and Hate by turns besiege his soul.
New Vengeance wins the day—the deed is done!
And now, in fell remorse, he hates the sun,

* Ahasuerus.—See Esther, chap. 1.

And calls his consort from the realms of night,
To which his fatal hand had sped her flight.—
Behold yon hapless three, by passion lost,
Procris, and Artemisia's royal ghost;
And her*, whose son (his mother's grief and joy)
Raz'd with paternal rage the walls of Troy.—
Another triple sisterhood is seen;
This characters of Hades. Mark their mien
With sin distain'd: their downcast looks disclose
A conscience of their crimes, and dread of coming woes.—
Semiramis, and Biblis (fam'd of old),
Her mother's rival there you next behold;
With many a warrior, many a lovely dame
Of old, ennobled by romantic fame.—
There Lancelot and Trisham† (fam'd in fight)
Are seen, with many a dame and errant knight;—

* Deidamia.

† See the notes on Translation of Dante's Inferno, c. 5, fo. the names here mentioned.

Geneura, Bellisand, and hundreds more;
With those who mingled their incestuous gore
Shed by paternal rage; and chant beneath,
In baleful symphony, the Song of Death."

He scarce had spoken, when a chill presage
(What warriors feel before the battles rage,
When in the angry trump's sonorous breath
They hear, before it comes, the sound of Death)
My heart possess'd; and, ting'd with deadly pale,
I seem'd escap'd from Death's eternal jail;
When, fleeting to my side with looks of Love,
A phantom brighter than the Cyprian dove
My fingers clasp'd; which, though of power to wield
The temper'd sabre in the bloody field
Against an armed foe, a touch subdued;
And gentle words, and looks that fir'd the blood,
My friend address'd me (I remember well!),
And from his lips these dubious accents fell:—

" Converse with whom you please, for all the train
Are mark'd alike the slaves of Cupid's reign."—

Thus, in security and peace trepann'd,
I was enlisted in that wayward band,
Who short-lived joys by anguish long obtain,
And whom the pleasures of a rival pain
More than their proper joys. Remembrance shows
Too clear at last the source of all my woes,
When Jealousy, and Love, and Envy drew
That nurture from my heart by which they grew.
As feverish eyes on air-drawn features dwell,
My fascinated eyes, by magic spell,
Dwell'd on the heavenly form with ardent look,
And at a glance the dire contagion took
That ting'd my days to come; and each delight,
But those that bore her stamp, consign'd to night.
I blush with shame when to my inward view
The devious paths return where Cupid drew

His willing slave, with all my hopes and fears—
When Phœbus seem'd to rise and set in tears
For many a spring—and when I us'd to dwell
A lonely hermit in a silent cell.
How upwards oft I trac'd the purling rills
To their pure fountains in the misty hills!
The rocks I us'd to climb, the solemn woods,
Where oft I wander'd by the winding floods!
And often spent, where'er I chanc'd to stray,
In amorous ditties all the livelong day!
What mournful rhymes I wrote and 'ras'd again,
Spending the precious hours of youth in vain!
'Twas in this school I learn'd the mystic things
Of the blind God, and all the secret springs.
From which his hopes and fears alternate rise:
Grav'd on his frontlet, the detection lies,
Which all may read, for I have op'd their eyes.
And she, the cause of all my lengthen'd toils,
Disdains my passion, though she boasts my spoils.

Of rigid honour proud, she smiles to see
The fatal Triumph of her charms in me.
Not Love himself can aid, for Love retires,
And in her sacred presence veils his fires:
He feels his genius by her looks subdued,
And all her spells by stronger spells withstood.
Hence my despair; for neither force nor art
Can wound *her* bosom, nor extract the dart
That rankles *here*, while proudly she defies
The power that makes a captive world his prize.
She is not one that dallies with the foe,
But with unconquer'd soul defies the blow;
And, like the Lord of Light, displays afar
A splendour which obscures each lesser star.
Her port is all divine; her radiant smile,
And e'en her scorn, the captive heart beguile;
Her accents breathe of heaven; her auburn air
(Whether it wanton with the sportive air,
Or bound in shining wreaths) adorns her face,
Secures her conquests with resistless grace;

Her eyes, that sparkle with celestial fire,
Have render'd me the slave of fond desire.
But who can raise his style to match her charms?
What mortal bard can sing the soft alarms
That flutter in the breast, and fire the veins?
Alas! the theme surmounts the loftiest strains.
Far as the ocean in its ample bed
Exceeds the purling stream that warbles through the mead,
Such charms are hers — as never were reveal'd
On earth, since Phœbus first the world beheld!
And voices, tun'd her peerless form to praise,
Suffer a solemn pause with mute amaze.
Then was I manacled for life; while she,
Proud of my bonds, enjoy'd her liberty.
With ceaseless suit I pray'd, but all in vain;
One prayer among a thousand scarce could gain
A slight regard—so hopeless was my state,
And such the laws of Love impos'd by Fate!
For stedfast is the rule by Nature given,
Which all the ranks of life, from earth to heaven,

With reverent awe and homage due obey,
And every age and climate owns its sway.
I know the cruel pangs by lovers borne,
When from the breast the bleeding heart is torn
By Love's relentless gripe; the deadly harms
Of Cupid, when he wields resistless arms;
Or when, in dubious truce, he drops his dart,
And gives short respite to the tortur'd heart.
The vital current's ebb and flood I know,
When Shame or Anger bids the features glow,
Or Terror pales the cheek; the deadly snake
I know that nestles in the flow'ry brake,
And, watchful, seems to sleep, and languor feigns,
When health-inspiring vigour fills the veins.
I know what hope and fear assail the mind
When I pursue my Love, yet dread to find.
I know the strange and sympathetic tie,
When, soul in soul transfus'd, a fond ally
For ever seems another and the same,
Or change with mutual love their mortal frame.

From transient smiles to long-protracted woe
The various turns and dark degrees I know;
And hot and cold, and that unequall'd smart
When souls survive, though sever'd from the heart.
I know, I cherish, and detect the cheat
Of every hour; but still, with eager feet
And fervent hope, pursue the flying fair,
And still for promis'd rapture meet despair.
When absent, I consume in raging fire;
But, in her presence check'd, the flames expire,
Represt by sacred awe. The boundless sway
Of cruel LOVE I feel, that makes a prey
Of all those energies that lift the soul
To her congenial climes above the pole.
I know the various pangs that rend the heart;
I know that noblest souls receive the dart
Without defence, when REASON drops the shield,
And, recreant, to her foe resigns the field.—
I saw the Archer in his airy flight,
I saw him when he check'd his arrow's flight;

And when it reach'd the mark, I watch'd the god,
And saw him win his way by force or fraud,
As best befits his ends. His whirling throne
Turns short at will, or runs directly on.
The rapid fellies which his axle bear,
Are short fallacious Hope and certain Fear;
And many a promise given of Halcyon days,
Whose faint and dubious gleam the heart betrays.
I know what secret flame the marrow fries,
How in the veins a dormant fever lies;
Till, fann'd to fury by contagious breath,
It gains tremendous head, and ends in death.
I know too well what long and doubtful strife
Forms the dire tissue of a lover's life;
The transient taste of sweet commixt with gall,
What changes dire the hapless crew befall.
Their strange fantastic habitudes I know,
Their measur'd groans in lamentable flow;
When rhyming-fits the falt'ring tongue employ,
And love-sick spasms the mournful Muse annoy

The smile that like the lightning fleets away,
The sorrows that for half a life delay;
Like drops of honey in a wormwood bowl,
Drain'd to the dregs in bitterness of soul.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

PART THE FOURTH.

So fickle Fortune, in a luckless hour,
Had close consigned me to a tyrant's power,
Who cut the nerves, that, with elastic force,
Had borne me on in Freedom's generous course—
So I, in noble independence bred,
Free as the roe-buck in the sylvan glade,
By passion lur'd, a voluntary slave—
My ready name to Cupid's muster gave.
And yet I saw their grief and wild despair;
I saw them blindly seek the fatal snare

Through winding paths, and many an artful maze,
Where Cupid's viewless spell the band obeys.
Here, as I turn'd my anxious eyes around,
If any shade I then could see renown'd
In old or modern times; the bard I spied*
Whose unabated love pursu'd his bride
Down to the coast of Hades; and above
His life resign'd, the pledge of constant love,
Calling her name in death.—Alcæus near,
Who sung the joys of Love and toils severe,
Was seen with Pindar and the Teian swain,
A veteran gay among the youthful train
Of Cupid's host.—The Mantuan next I found,
Begirt with bards from age to age renown'd;
Whether they chose in lofty themes to soar,
Or sportive try the Muse's lighter lore.—
There soft Tibullus walk'd with Sulme's bard†;
And there Propertius with Catullus shar'd

* Orpheus. † Ovid.

The meed of lovesome lays: the Grecian dame *
With sweeter numbers woke the amorous flame.—
While thus I turn'd around my wond'ring eyes,
I saw a noble train with new surprise,
Who seem'd of Love in choral notes to sing,
While all around them breath'd Elysian spring.—
Here Alighieri, with his love I spied †,
Selvaggio, Guido, Cino, side by side ‡—
Guido, who mourn'd the lot that fix'd his name
The second of his age in lyric fame.—
Two other minstrels there I spied that bore [16]
His name, renown'd on Arno's tuneful shore.
With them Sicilia's bards, in elder days [17]
Match'd with the foremost in poetic praise,

* Sappho.

† Dante: he was the author of several sonnets and canzoni on the subject of Love.

‡ Of Selvaggio but little is known, except that his writings contributed to polish the nascent language.

Though now they rank behind. — Sonnuccio nigh
With gentle Franchesino met my eye*.—
But soon another tribe, of manners strange
And uncouth dialect, was seen to range[18]
Along the flowery paths, by Arnold led;
In Cupid's lore by all the Muses bred,
And master of the theme.—Marsilia's coast
And Narbonne still his polish'd numbers boast.—
The next I saw with lighter step advance;
'Twas he that caught a flame at every glance[19]
That met his eye, with him who shar'd his name[20],
Join'd with an Arnold of inferior fame[21].—
Next either Rambold in procession trode[22],
No easy conquest to the winged god.
The pride of Montferrat (a peerless dame)
In many a ditty sung, announc'd his flame;

* Contemporaries of Petrarch.

And Genoa's bard, who left his native coast,
And on Marselia's towers the memory lost
Of his first time, when Salem's sacred flame
Taught him a nobler heritage to claim.—
Gerard and Peter, both of Gallic blood[23],
And tuneful Rudel, who, in moonstruck mood[24],
O'er ocean by a flying image led,
In the fantastic chace his canvas spread;
And, where he thought his amorous vows to breathe,
From Cupid's bow received the shaft of Death.—
There was Cabeston, whose unequall'd lays[25]
From all his rivals won superior praise.—
Hugo was there, with Almeric renown'd[26];—
Bernard and Anselm by the Muses crown'd[27].—
Those and a thousand others o'er the field
Advanc'd; nor javelin did they want, or shield;
The Muses form'd their guard, and march'd before,
Spreading their long renown from shore to shore.—
The Latian band with sympathising woe
At last I spied amid the moving show:

Bologna's poet first, whose honour'd grave *
His relics holds beside Messina's wave.
O fickle joys, that fleet upon the wind,
And leave the lassitude of life behind!
The youth, that every thought and movement sway'd
Of this sad heart, is now an empty shade!
What world contains thee now, my tuneful guide,
Whom nought of old could sever from my side?
What is this life? — what none but fools esteem;
A fleeting shadow, a romantic dream! —

Not far I wander'd o'er the peopled field,
Till Socrates and Lelius I beheld †.
O may their holy influence never cease
That sooth'd my heart-corroding pangs to peace!

* Tomaso di Bologna, an early poetical friend of the author's.

† Two friends of the author's, whom he always speaks of in his Poems and Epistles under the names of these celebrated Romans.

Unequall'd Friends! no bard's ecstatic lays
Nor polished prose your deathless name can raise
To match your genuine worth! O'er hill and dale
We pass'd, and oft I told my doleful tale,
Disclosing all my wounds, and not in vain:
Their sacred presence seem'd to soothe my pain.
O may that glorious privilege be mine,
Till dust to dust the final stroke resign!
My courage they inspir'd to claim the wreath—
Immortal emblem of my constant faith
To HER whose name the poet's garland bears!
Yet nought from her, for long devoted years,
I reap'd but cold disdain, and fruitless tears.—
But soon a sight ensu'd, that, like a spell,
Restrain'd at once my passion's stormy swell:
But this a loftier Muse demands to sing,
The Hallow'd Power that prun'd the daring wing
Of that Blind Force, by folly canoniz'd
And in the garb of deity disguis'd.
Yet first the conscious Muse designs to tell
How I endur'd and scap'd his witching spell;

A subject that demands a Muse of fire,
A glorious theme, that Phœbus might inspire—
Worthy of Homer and th' Orphean lyre!
Still, as along the whirling chariot flew,
I kept the wafture of his wings in view:
Onward his snow-white steeds were seen to bound
O'er many a steepy hill and dale profound:
And, victims of his rage, the captive throng,
Chain'd to the flying wheels, were dragg'd along,
All torne and bleeding, through the thorny waste;
Nor knew I how the land and sea he past,
Till to his mother's realm he came at last.

Far Eastward, where the vext Ægean roars,
A little isle projects its verdant shores:
Soft is the clime, and fruitful is the ground,
No fairer spot old Ocean clips around;
Nor Sol himself surveys from east to west[39]
A sweeter scene in summer livery drest.
Full in the midst ascends a shady hill,
Where down its bow'ry slopes a streaming rill

In dulcet murmurs flows, and soft perfume
The senses court from many a vernal bloom,
Mingled with magic; which the senses steep
In sloth, and drug the mind from Lethe's deep,
Quenching the spark divine—the genuine boast
Of Man, in Circe's wave immerst and lost.
This favour'd region of the Cyprian queen
Receiv'd its freight—an heaven-abandon'd scene,
Where Falsehood fills the throne, while Truth retires,
And vainly mourns her half-extinguish'd fires.
Vile in its origin, and viler still
By all incentives that seduce the will,
It seems Elysium to the sons of Lust,
But a foul dungeon to the Good and Just.
Exulting o'er his slaves, the winged God
Here in a theatre his Triumphs show'd,
Ample to hold within its mighty round
His captive train, from Thule's northern bound
To far Taprobane, a countless crowd,
Who to the Archer boy, adoring, bow'd.

Sad Phantoms shook above their Gorgon wings—
Fantastic Longings for unreal things,
And fugitive Delights, and lasting Woes;
The Summer's biting frost, and Winter's rose;
And Penitence and Grief, that dodg'd along
The royal lawless pair, by poets sung.
One, by his Spartan plunder, seal'd the doom
Of hapless Troy—the other rescued Rome.
Beneath, as if in mockery of their woe,
The tumbling Flood, with murmurs deep and low,
Return'd their wailings; while the Birds above
With sweet aërial descant fill'd the grove.
And all beside the river's winding bed
Fresh flowers in gay confusion deck'd the mead,
Painting the sod with every scent and hue
That Flora's breath affords, or drinks the morning dew.
And many a solemn Bower, with welcome shade,
Over the dusky stream a shelter made.

And when the Sun withdrew his slanting ray,
And Winter cool'd the fervours of the day,
Then came the genial Hours, the frequent feast
And circling times of Joy and balmy Rest.
New Day and Night were pois'd in even scale,
And Spring awoke her equinoxial gale.
And Progne now and Philomel begun
With genial toils to greet the vernal sun.
Just then — Oh, hapless mortals! that rely
On fickle Fortune's ever-changing sky —
E'en in that season, when, with sacred fire,
Dan Cupid seem'd his subjects to inspire,
That warms the heart, and kindles in the look,
And all beneath the moon obey his yoke —
I saw the sad reverse that lovers own,
I heard the slaves beneath their bondage groan;
I saw them sink beneath the deadly weight
And the long tortures that fore-run their fate.
Sad Disappointments there in meagre forms,
Were seen, and feverish Dreams, and fancy'd Harms;

And Phantoms rising from the yawning tomb
Were seen to muster in the gathering gloom
Around the car; and some were seen to climb,
While cruel Fate revers'd their steps sublime.
And empty Notions in the port were seen,
And baffled Hopes were there with cloudy mien.
There was expensive Gain, and Gain that lost,
And amorous Schemes by Fortune's favour crost;
And wearisome Repose, and Cares that slept.
There was the semblance of Disgrace, that kept
The youth from dire Mischance on whom it fell,
And Glory darken'd on the gloom of hell;
Perfidious Loyalty, and honest Fraud,
And Wisdom slow, and headlong Thirst of blood;
The Dungeon, where the flow'ry paths decoy;
The painful, hard Escape with long annoy.
I saw the smooth descent the foot betray,
And the steep rocky path that leads again to day.
There in the gloomy gulf Confusion storm'd,
And moody Rage its wildest freaks perform'd;

And settled Grief was there; and solid Night
But rarely broke with fitful gleams of light
From Joy's fantastic hand. Not Vulcan's forge,
When his Cyclopean caves the fume disgorge;
Nor the deep mine of Mongibel, that throws
The fiery tempest o'er eternal snows;
Nor Lipari, whose strong sulphureous blast
O'ercanopies with flames the wat'ry waste;
Nor Stromboli, that sweeps the glowing sky
With red combustion, with its rage could vie.—
Little he loves himself that ventures there,
For there is ceaseless Woe and fell Despair:
Yet, in this dolorous dungeon long confin'd,
Till Time had grizzled o'er my looks, I pin'd.
There, dreaming still of Liberty to come,
I spent my summers in this noisome gloom;
Yet still a dubious joy my grief controll'd,
To spy such numbers in that darksome hold.
But soon to gall my seeming transport turn'd,
And my illustrious Partner's fate I mourn'd;

And often seem'd, with sympathising woe,
To melt in solvent tears like vernal snow.
I turn'd away, but, with reverted glance,
Perus'd the fleeting shapes that fill'd my trance;
Like him that feels a moment's short delight
When a fine picture fleets before his sight.

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END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.

NOTES.

ON THE

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

NOTES.

(1) By this the commentators think is meant Valclusa, the scene of the Poet's long solitude: but as he gives a general view of the passion of LOVE and its consequences under the image of a pageant or vision—a mode familiar to the poets of those times—it is more probable he merely imitated Dante in the Introduction to his Inferno.

(2) These, with the Poet himself (who, though he represents his own passion as Platonic, yet condemns it on mature deliberation), are represented not as all actually dead, but many of them what Addison calls *metaphorically defunct;* their reason being extinct, or only exhibiting such symptoms of vital agency as rendered it a minister to the

passion, the different stages of which are here signified by the different degrees of this mental malady, from the first infection till it ends in a decay of the intellectual powers, or in bodily disorder and death.

> Let th' aspiring youth beware of LOVE,
> Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late
> When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
> Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame
> Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
> Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
> Still paints th' illusive form. THOMSON.

(3) Some commentators suppose that Guittone d' Arezzo, and some that Cino di Pistoia, is intended here; contemporaries, or rather anterior in time to Dante. They are mentioned in another part of the Poem, and will deserve even an higher degree of celebrity, as by their early attention to the improvement of the Tuscan language they contributed largely to the revival of learning and good taste.

(4) Julius Cæsar; who in his hours of dalliance with Cleopatra was almost surrounded by his enemies, and only saved his life by his dexterity in swimming.—See his Life in Plutarch, and Suetonius.

(5) Marcus Antoninus; whose wife Fausta was notorious for her licentious conduct: yet so infatuated was the good emperor, that he returned thanks to the gods for bestowing on him such a consort.

(6) Æneas.—The Poet does not do him complete justice; for it is to be remembered that Turnus had twice broken the peace sanctioned by religion; and that at last Æneas allows Turnus the chance of single combat, which he had forfeited, and that at the crisis when the latter had the capital in his power. It may be said the Trojan is represented as exposed to no danger, as he had celestial arms. This servile

imitation of Homer is not the most interesting part of the Æneïd: but Achilles is also represented as having arms of heavenly temper, yet he is not secure from the destiny that awaited him.

The poet here seems to have adopted the philosophy of Cicero, or rather of Archytas, whom he quotes (De Senectute, c. 12.): — *Nullam capitaliorem pestem, &c. i. e.* " Of all the plagues to which the nature of man is subject, there is none more pernicious or more mortal than sensual pleasure; for which there is such an inordinate desire, especially in youth, that they run so furiously in pursuit of it, that nothing can stop them. Hence rise conspiracies against the state, the subversion of commonwealths, secret correspondence with enemies; and, in short, there are no crimes, no wickednesses whatsoever, which a mad desire after such pleasure does not incite, besides incest, adulteries, and all kinds of lewdness, which are owing to no other incentive..... As Nature and God have given

nothing to men more excellent than reason, so nothing is so great an enemy to that divine gift as sensual pleasure; for as long as the lust of pleasure rages there is no room for temperance."—That this might be placed in the strongest light, this philosopher (Archytas) supposes a man to have the liveliest enjoyment of pleasure that can be conceived. "No person will doubt (he says) that a man in such a transport of pleasure is absolutely *out* of the capacity of thinking, or making any use of his reason or understanding: whence it results, that there is nothing so detestable or poisonous as sensual pleasure; because the more intense and lasting, the more it darkens the rays of reason. There is no room for any virtue under the reign of (carnal) pleasure—it is a clog to the understanding, an enemy to reason—it eclipses, as it were, the eye of the mind, and has no correspondence with virtue."—And in his Paradoxa (*i. e.* 3.), *Eu! cum tibi sive Deus, &c.* "What! when God or Nature, which I may call the

Parent of all things, has given you a soul, than which nothing can be imagined more excellent and divine, have you the meanness to debase yourself to such a degree, that you know no difference between yourself and a beast? Is there any one good which does not make the possessor better for it? The more a man participates of good the more he ought to be praised. But what good is there in sensual pleasure? Does it make a man better, or the more to be esteemed? Does any one think himself the better man for the pleasures he enjoys? If therefore pleasure, whatever number of defenders it may have, cannot be reckoned a real good — and, if by how much the greater it is, by so much the further does it *remove* reason from its place and station — confess then, ye that defend the cause of pleasure, that the only way to live well and happily is to live honestly, and according to the laws of virtue!" Translated by Mr. Whateley.

The Translator is not sufficiently conversant in

the divinity of the times to know whether any of the Casuists, before or in the time of Petrarch, entertained the less rigid opinions on this subject which distinguished the Jesuits in latter periods.—See Berthier's Parallel of the Doctrine of the Pagans with that of the Jesuits, and Pascal's Provincial Letters.—But it is probable that the loose morality of that period and the preceding, had many patrons among the literary characters of the times besides the Troubadours, who, in general, were professed votaries of pleasure.

(7) Argia, who bribed Eriphite (the wife of the prophet Amphiaraus) to betray his concealment, where he had endeavoured to avoid the fatal expedition against Thebes.—See Ovid. Metam. l. 9. . . . . Stat. Thebaïd. l. 7.

(8) Massinissa; the celebrated ally of the Romans, the friend of Scipio, and the rival of

Syphax.—See his story in the Roman History: see also Thomson's Sophonisba.

(9) The Romans either were, or pretended to be, convinced, that Sophonisba would persuade Massinissa to rebel against Rome, as had been the case with her first husband Syphax. Hence they insisted on her being resigned to them by Massinissa: but she preferring death to captivity and the shame of being led in triumph, her husband was obliged, though with the most painful reluctance, to enter into her views.

(10) This idea is borrowed from the Platonists; *viz.* that the soul retains after death its ruling propensities and habitudes.—See Plato's Phædon.

(11) The story of Seleucus resigning his consort Stratonice to his son Antiochus is well known, and the skill with which the physician Erasistratus

found out the passion of the young prince. The poet has passed over this story without a mark of censure—a defect which the Translator has ventured to supply, principally by adding a few epithets.

Love is exalted by being united to virtue—so it is proportionably debased by an union with that spurious system, which, under the name of sentiment, usurps its title. But whatever allowance ought to be made for a heathen—to whose loose morality the danger of introducing licentiousness into families, to the disturbance of the most sacred connexions, might not be so evident as it is to those who can boast superior illumination—yet this *general* rule may still be necessary to be inculcated:—

> Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
> Nor think th'intention sanctifies the deed:
> That maxim, published in an impious age,
> Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy
> And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title,
> *And raze the sacred mounds of right and wrong.*
>
> Johnson's Irene . . . . last line added.

(12) Anaxareti.—See her story, Ovid. Metam. l. 14.—See a fine song of Burns on a similar subject, Works, Vol. 4th.

> The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
> And time is setting with me, &c.

(13) Cydippe, deceived into the pronouncing of a solemn vow of constancy, by reading aloud the following words inscribed upon an apple, which her lover had given her:—

> Juro tibi sane per mystica sacra Dianæ,
> Me tibi venturum Comitem, sponsamque futuram.

(14) Judith.—*Why* she appears here is not so evident: the *head* of Holofernes had a right to appear in the procession, as he fell a victim to his ungoverned desires.

(15) Herod, whose passion for his wife Mariamne was exalted to such extravagance by jealousy,

that being compelled to go to Rome, to answer some accusations before Augustus, he gave private orders to Sohemus, his minister, to put the queen to death if any sinister event should befall him. This secret came to the knowledge of Mariamne, who, on the return of Herod, upbraided him with it. This increased the suspicion of Herod, as he thought the secret only could have been acquired by the infidelity of the queen, and he ordered her immediate execution. — See Josephus.

(16) Guido, or rather Guittone di Arezzo, contemporary of Dante, so attached to what he thought the duties of religion and a solitary life, that he gave his fortune to the monastery of Camaldole near Florence. "His sentiments were superior to his style," according to the old commentator on Dante, quoted by Tiraboschi. — Hist. Poëtic, VOL. I. P. 122, published by Mr, Mathias.

Cino di Pistoia, a celebrated lawyer as well as

poet, a contemporary of Petrarch. He wrote a commentary in the DIGESTS, which laid the foundation of the famous work of *Bartolus*. Cino, like Dante, was banished from his country by the prevalence of the contrary faction, in the disturbances caused by the Bianchi and the Neri: which of them he had joined does not appear, but he ended his days in exile.

Guido Guinicelli, and Guido Cavalcanti.—Guinicelli was no less renowned for his accomplishments as a soldier and a statesman, than for his attachment to the Muses. His poems were mostly of the amatory kind. — See more of him in Dante, Purgatorio, c. 26.

Cavalcanti; a more celebrated character, whose famous canzone on the nature of LOVE (published at the end of some editions of Petrarch) is so philosophical, and resembles so much the works of the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, that it was deemed worthy of large and learned comments. He is said to have been a great adept

in the natural philosophy of his age; but is accused by some of having directed his studies principally to establish the system of Democritus and Epicurus. Devoted as he was to a studious life, he sometimes emerged into the tumults of faction which at that time (1295) distracted his country; and there is a story told in Tiraboschi*, from an old chronicle, of an attempt he made on the life of Corso Donati (a leader of the opposite party) in the street, in which, not being seconded by his followers, he nearly lost his own. To the character of a philosopher, a statesman, and a poet, he also joined that of a pilgrim. In a journey he undertook to the shrine of St. Jago di Compostella, he fell in love with a lady, whom the Italian writers call Maudetta di Toloso. To her several of his poetical compositions are addressed, though he affected to despise poetry, at least before he became a votary of Cupid. On his

* Vol. I., p. 127.

poetry, however, his reputation depends: whereas, of his philosophical opinions we have no vestige except what tradition has handed down. However, unless we could see those eleven volumes of manuscript poems written by him, which are said to be preserved in the Library of St. Mark in Venice, we cannot ascertain how far his poetry was indebted to his philosophy. Horace has referred the votary of the Muses to the *moral* sages of antiquity, as the genuine source of poetic excellence in the sublimer species of composition, in those celebrated verses —

> Scribendi recte *sapere* est principium et fons
> Rem tibi Socratice potereut ostendere chartæ.

This is abundantly confirmed by experience, and illustrated in no small degree by the example of Petrarch, who, when he has some ancient moralist in view, seems to rise above himself.

Many of Cavalcanti's poems have been published in various collections. He was a particular

friend of Dante, who mentions him in the Tenth Canto of the Inferno. It is remarkable, that though he speaks of him there in the style of friendship—as he does in several parts of his works—he particularly mentions his contempt of poetry.

(17) This opinion of Petrarch, *viz.* that the Sicilian writers were the restorers of poetry, is examined at large by Tiraboschi, who, from the total disappearance of every vestige of these old Sicilian rhymers, before the date of the earliest compositions of the Provençal bards, concludes, that these latter ought still to possess the honour generally attributed to them, of reviving this art which had fallen into oblivion before their time.

(18) Arnold Daniel; a celebrated Troubadour of a good family in Provence. As an object of love was an essential ingredient in the character of a poet in these days, he chose for the heroine of his

love-ditties a married lady, who, by receiving them with that contempt which from their purpose, at least, they deserved, "taught him to tune his harp to elegies of woe," like Tibullus, and contributed to his celebrity.

(19) Peter Vidal; also a native of the south of France. So vain of his supposed personal attractions, that he imagined every woman who saw him was enamoured of him. It was his custom also to boast of favours of the Fair, which had probably no existence but in his own fancy. The husband of a lady, of whom he has spoken in this manner, is said to have revenged himself on the bard by perforating his tongue. This, however, did not cure his vanity, though it is supposed to have subjected him to the necessity of quitting his native country. He made a voyage to Cyprus, where he met with a female adventurer, who imposed on him under the pretext of being niece to the Greek

emperor, to whose sceptre, she assured him, *her* husband should of course succeed. He married her, and returned with his bride to Provence, where he expected to levy a band of adventurers, and acquire pecuniary aid to secure his imperial inheritance. His subsequent fortunes are not recorded in the old commentators, from whom much of the materials of the history of the Troubadours seems to have been taken. This was a very singular consequence of vanity: but every person who indulges his fancy in self-admiration, invites the hostility of those who love to degrade the assuming, and subjects himself to the danger of various mortifications.

(20) Peter Nogori, a native of Auvergne, and canon of Clermont. He, however, threw off the sacred vestments, and commenced Troubadour, that he might enjoy the *secular* pleasures of the times without bringing censure upon his order. The lady to whom the labours of his Muse were dedicated,

was a Madame Nesmogarde, whose splendid manner of living and hospitality attracted the votaries of Love and belles lettres of that age from all the vicinity. But for some unknown reason, perhaps for an offence similar to that of Peter Vidal, he was banished from her castle in disgrace, part of which, however, the calumny of the day retorted on her. That there is no society so dangerous as talents without morals, is a truth which has been confirmed by the experience of all ages.

(21) Another poet of the name of Arnold Daniel, who was celebrated for his verses, but often changed his residence, his subject, and his mistress. The name of Madame la contesse Tailleser, is said to have occurred oftenest in his Poems.

(22) Two poets of the same name; one of whom was of a noble family, a native of the principality of Orange. He celebrated one lady whose

charms he had seen, and another whom he only knew by report. Whether fancy or reality inspired the finer verses is not known. The other bard of the same name was enamoured of the sister of the marquis of Montferrat, who was married to a count Caretto.

Tolchetto, of Marseilles, who on the death of his mistress renounced the world, and, with his wife, entered into monastic orders.

(23) Pierre d'Auvergne, a poet remarkable for his learning and the low opinion (and probably a just one) which he is said to have entertained of his contemporary bards.

Gerard du Bernail, a native of Limoges, mentioned in Dante, Purg. (c. 26.) He was accompanied in his peregrinations by two assistants, who chanted his Poems. His pedigree was humble, but he rendered himself illustrious by his kindness to his poor relations.

(24) Rudel (Geoffroi). This "Child of Fancy" was a gentleman of Blois. He is said to have fallen in love with a countess of Tripoli, whom he never had seen. His love, however, does not appear to have been entirely Platonic; for it is recorded that he undertook a voyage to Tripoli for the pleasure of an interview, but being taken ill at sea, he was set on shore at the nearest port. In that romantic age, the voyage and its motive soon came to be known; and the countess, induced by compassion, or probably by curiosity, paid him a visit which proved fatal to her lover; for the surprize and joy had such an effect upon his weakened frame, that he expired in her arms. *His* Venus does not seem to have been born of the sea.

(25) Cabeston.—This Troubadour is said, by the antient commentators on Petrarch, to be the same with Guilelmo Guardastagno, whose tragical fate is the subject of the ninth novel of the Deca-

merone, Day Fourth. The scene of the catastrophe is laid in Provence, "In which," says the novelist, "there lived two noble gentlemen, each of whom was possessed of a castle, and had vassals under him. The name of the one was Guilelmo Rossilione, and of the other Guilelmo Guardastagno. As they were both valiant gentlemen and remarkable for feats of arms, they entertained a warm friendship for each other, and were always associates at every just, tournament, or any other occasion where valour could be displayed, where they appeared in similar arms and accoutrements. The castles which were their general residences were about ten miles asunder: nevertheless it happened, that as the spouse of Rossilione was very beautiful and accomplished, Guardastagno begun to conceive a passion for her, which, notwithstanding his friendship for her husband, soon rose to an extravagant height. By various means he contrived to let the lady know the state of his affections, to which his accomplishments

and military character soon obtained such a return as he expected; for in due time he perceived that the object of his passion only waited for a declaration from him to let him know that she was not insensible of his passion, nor disinclined to return it according to his expectations. Several interviews were contrived; at first with due caution: but afterwards being rendered too secure, and their excessive attachment rendering them inattentive to the means of secresy, it came to the knowledge of the husband, whose friendship for Guardastagno was soon converted into the most deadly hatred. This, however, he contrived to dissemble better than they had concealed their mutual passion: and with great deliberation laid a plan for the murther of his rival, which was effected in the following manner:— While he was in this state of mind, a great tournament was proclaimed to be held in France on a certain day. On this intelligence being received, Rossilione sent a message to Guardastagno, with notice of the

solemnity, and invitation to come to his castle, and deliberate whether they should attend the meeting or not; and, if the former were resolved on, how they should proceed. Guardastagno, rejoiced at the intelligence, sent an answer that he would attend him at supper on the appointed evening. This gave Rossilione the opportunity which he longed for to complete his revenge. On the day appointed, he secretly armed himself, and with some faithful associates concealed himself in a wood about a mile from the castle, through which he knew Guardastagno was to pass. Having waited a considerable time, he at last perceived him coming, with two attendants, all unarmed, as he suspected no danger in that place. When Rossilione, who was on the watch, perceived that he had reached a spot opportune for his purpose, he made a furious onset on him with his lance in rest, exclaiming, 'Traitor, thou art dead!' and at the same moment pierced his breast.—Being quite defenceless, he instantly fell without speaking a

word, and expired. His attendants seeing the deed, but not knowing the perpetrator, immediately turned their horses, and fled to their master's castle. Rossilione dismounting, opened the breast of his fallen victim with a knife, and with his own hands drew out his heart, and gave it to his attendant, who wrapt it up in a pennon of his lance, by his directions, and gave it to a servant to carry. Then, when Rossilione had given orders to his attendants to maintain a strict silence on the subject, he mounted his horse, and evening being now far advanced, returned homewards. His lady, who had been informed that Guardastagno was invited that evening to supper, and expected him with the greatest impatience, was very much surprised at seeing her husband arrive alone. She enquired, 'What the reason could be of Guardastagno's absence?' The husband anwsered, 'That he had learned, by a message from him, that he could not come before the next day.' At this intelligence the lady was deeply

chagrined. Rossilione, dismounting, called for the cook; and, on his appearance, gave him these orders:—'Take this wild boar's heart, dress it for supper with all the art and skill in your power; and when I am at table, serve it upon a small silver dish.' The cook accordingly received it; and having minced it with the utmost nicety and care, and seasoned it highly with the best spices, made a forced-meat dish of it, of the most inviting flavour. When the hour of supper arrived, Rossilione took his seat at table with his lady; and supper being served up he ate but little, as his attention was wholly employed on the scene which was to ensue. At the appointed time the cook brought the dish, about which he had got such particular directions. Rossilione ordered him to place it before his lady, pretending want of appetite, and pressing her to eat, with high commendations of it's goodness. She not having the same pretext, enjoyed the repast; and made so hearty a meal, that not a fragment of it

was left. Her husband then enquired 'How she had relished her collation?' She answered, 'That she found it very much to her taste.'—'So help me God!' he answered, 'I believe you: nor do I wonder that he who pleased you best while he lived, should also contribute to your satisfaction after his death.' The lady, when she heard this, sate in suspence awhile: then she exclaimed, 'How! what is this that you have made me eat?' He immediately replied, 'What you have feasted on, you may assure yourself, was the heart of Guardastagno—the object of your adulterous passion. In this there is neither imposition nor mistake, for these hands tore it out of his body a short time before I returned!' At this fatal intelligence concerning him whom she loved better than any thing in the world, it is needless to dwell upon, as it is impossible to describe the anguish which she felt. At last, she found words to this effect:—'You have done a deed which proves you a traitor and a coward!

If I, without compulsion, have granted him my love, and committed wrong against you; on me, not on him, the punishment ought to have been inflicted. But Heaven forbid that any other victuals should profane the relics of so noble and courteous a knight as Guardastagno was!' She said no more: but rushing to a window which was behind her, she flung herself out of the open casement: the height of the window from the pavement was so great, that she was not only killed, but almost dashed to pieces by the fall. Rossilione stood for a time thunder-struck at the deed, and was seized with remorse at being the cause; but this was succeeded by terror of more consequence, when the event should be known to the count of Provence and the people of the neighbourhood: he therefore immediately ordered his horses to be saddled, and made his escape. Next morning the report of this catastrophe, with all its circumstances, was spread over all the country, both by the domestics of Guardastagno and those of Ros-

silione. The two bodies were brought, with great lamentation, to the castle of Rossilione, and buried in one tomb, on which was engraved in verse an account of the names, the quality, and the tragical end of the Lovers."

Some curious circumstances that probably led to this catastrophe are recorded by M. Rolland in his Récherches sur les Prérogatives des Dames chez les Gaulois, p. 132—notes. In a history of a session of the celebrated Court of Love, in Provence (for an account of which see the Introduction), he represents Cabeston as summoned to appear before the *ladies* who composed the Court, to answer for an affront put upon dame Eleanor de Ceminges, widow of Roger de Turenne, and for an act of violence committed on a country girl: of the latter he was accused by a monk, against whom *he* had exhibited a similar charge, with relation to the same person whom he alleged he had rescued from the brutal assailant. The damsel was produced in Court,

and declared Cabeston innocent of the charge, at least as far as *force* was concerned. Of this he of course was absolved in a speech made by the president, which shews the licentious manners of the times. For the offence, committed by him against Madame de Ceminges, he was slightly reprimanded. What the nature of the crime was, the author does not mention.

These trials were carried on with great formality: every person arraigned might choose an *advocate* among the ladies who composed the Court. Cabeston chose the lady of *Raymond* de Roussilon, whom he declared the *sovereign lady of his thoughts*; and kneeling to her, presented his glove, which she receiving with a blush, arose from her seat and placed herself at the side of her client in another part of the Circus.

After he had gained his cause by the eloquence of his advocate, the *fee* awarded by the Court was a kiss on the cheek. The husband, who was present,

appealed against this award: but this was over-ruled by the Court, who turned the appellant into ridicule. If this were true, it was a bitter jest to the lover. This at least is assigned as one reason for the atrocious deed, by the authors whom Rolland cites.

(26) Amerigo. There were two Troubadours of this name, one Amerigo or Amouire di Belengi, a native of the south of France, who attached himself to the service of a lady of Guienne, in whose praise he employed his Muse for several years, as was then the mode.—The second of the name was a native of Peguillan, near Toulouse, whose talent was satire till Love taught him panegyric: he was of humble birth, his father being a merchant, but his genius procured him the patronage of Alphonso, king of Arragon.

(27) Bernardo, equally celebrated for the beauty of his person and his poetical talents. He

was the son of a baker; yet he presumed so much on his rhyming talents and his other attractions, that he found access to the lady of the viscount Ventadour, and made her the theme of several madrigals, which probably gave umbrage to his lordship; for it appears that the Poet was in a short time obliged to change his residence, though not his habits; for the next fair object of his Muse was a lady whom the old commentators name la duchessa di Normandia: but from the mention of her subsequent marriage with *Henry* king of England, it appears that it was the celebrated Eleanor, whose early amours and jealousy in the decline of life have been the subject of so many tales and dramas. On her nuptials, the Poet retired to the court of Raimond, count of Toulouse, with whom he lived in a very respectable manner: but, on the demise of the earl, he became weary of the world, and joined a religious order.

Ugo, a native of Genoa, noted for his love of gaming, by which he spent his patrimony, and sup-

ported himself by singing or reciting the verses of other poets.

Anselmo Anselm de Faydit, a native of Limoges, represented by the old commentators as a satirist, a bon-vivant, and a spendthrift. Being reduced to great poverty, he supported himself principally by the musical talents of his wife, who travelled with him from court to court, and sung his verses.

(28) This enchanting isle denotes the pleasures and allurements of Love, which fosters the passion to that extravagant height described under the allegory of Volcanoes and Tempests in the subsequent verses; where its effects, when unrestrained by the government of reason, are aptly described under the image of matter actuated by a blind impulse.

By the characters and stories which the Poet introduces in these four cantos from romancers and novelists, ancient and modern, he seems to point out

the tendency of these studies to inflame the imagination, to keep the rational powers dormant for want of materials for exercise, and thus to prepare the active faculties for the most dangerous excesses.

END OF THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

THE

TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY.

WHEN gods and men I saw in Cupid's chain
Promiscuous led, a long uncounted train
By sad example taught, I learn'd at last
Wisdom's best rule—to profit from the past.
Some solace in the numbers too I found,
Of those that mourn'd like me the common wound
That Phœbus felt, a mortal beauty's slave,
That urg'd Leander through the wintry wave;
That jealous Juno with Eliza shar'd,
Whose more than pious hands the flame prepar'd;
That mixt her ashes with her murther'd spouse,
A dire completion of her nuptial vows.

(For not the Trojan's love, as poets sing,
In her wan bosom fix'd the secret string.)

And why should I of common ills complain,
Shot by a random shaft, a thoughtless swain?
Unarm'd and unprepar'd to meet the foe,
My naked bosom seem'd to court the blow.
One cause at least to soothe my grief ensu'd;
When I beheld the ruthless power subdu'd;
And all unable now to twang the string,
Or mount the breeze on many-coloured wing.

But never tawny monarch of the wood[1]
His raging rival meets athirst for blood;
Nor thunder-clouds, when winds the signal blow,
With louder shock astound the world below;
When the red flash, unsufferably bright,
Heaven, earth, and sea displays in dismal light;
Could match the furious speed and fell intent
With which the winged son of Venus bent

His fatal eugh against the dauntless fair
Who seem'd with heart of proof to meet the war;
Nor Etna sends abroad the blast of death
When, wrapt in flames, the giant moves beneath;
Nor Scylla, roaring; nor the loud reply
Of mad Charybdis, when her waters fly
And seem to lave the moon, could match the rage
Of those fierce rivals burning to engage.
Aloof the many drew with sudden fright,
And clamber'd up the hills to see the fight;
And when the tempest of the battle grew,
Each face displayed a wan and earthy hue.
Th' assailant now prepared his shaft to wing,
And fixed his fatal arrow on the string:
The fatal string already reach'd his ear;
Nor from the leopard flies the trembling deer
With half the haste that his ferocious wrath
Bore him impetuous on to deeds of death;
And in his stern regard the scorching fire
Was seen, that burns the breast with fierce desire;

To me a fatal flame! but hope to see
My lovely tyrant forc'd to love like me,
And, bound in equal chain, assuag'd my woe
As with an eager eye I watch'd the coming blow.

But Virtue, as it ne'er forsakes the soul[2]
That yields obedience to her blest controul,
Proves how of her unjustly we complain,
When she vouchsafes her gracious aid in vain.
In vain the self-abandon'd shift the blame
Upon their stars, or Fate's perverted name.

Ne'er did a gladiator shun the stroke
With nimbler turn, or more attentive look;
Never did pilot's hand the vessel steer
With more dexterity the shoals to clear
Than with evasion quick and matchless art,
By Grace and Virtue arm'd in head and heart,
She wafted quick the cruel shaft aside,
Woe to the ling'ring soul that dares the stroke abide!

I WATCHED, and long with firm expectance stood
To see a mortal by a god subdued,
The usual fate of man! in hope to find
The cords of Love the beauteous captive bind
With me, a willing slave, to Cupid's car,
The fortunes of the common race to share.
As one, whose secrets in his looks we spy,
His inmost thoughts discovers in his eye
Or in his aspect, grav'd by nature's hand,
My gestures, ere I spoke, enforc'd my fond demand.
"O link us to your wheels!" aloud I cried,
"If your victorious arms the fray decide:
O bind us closely with your strongest chain!
I ne'er will seek for liberty again!"—

BUT oh! what fury seem'd his eyes to fill!—
No bard that ever quaff'd Castalia's rill
Could match his frenzy, when his shafts of fire
With magic plum'd, and barb'd with hot desire,

Short of their sacred aim, innoxious fell,
Extinguish'd by the pure etherial spell.

Camilla; or the Amazons in arms
From ancient Thermodon, to fierce alarms
Inur'd; or Julius in Pharsalia's field,
When his dread onset forc'd the foe to yield—
Came not so boldly on as she, to face
The mighty victor of the human race,
Who scorns the temper'd mail and buckler's ward.
With her the Virtues came — an heavenly guard,
A sky-descended legion, clad in light[3]
Of glorious panoply, contemning mortal might;
All weaponless they came; but hand in hand
Defied the fury of the adverse band:
Honour and Maiden-shame were in the ban
Elysian twins, belov'd by God and man.
Her delegates in arms with them combin'd;
Prudence appear'd the daughter of the mind;

Pure Temperance next, and Steadiness of soul
That ever keeps in view th' eternal goal;
And Gentleness and soft Address were seen,
And Courtesy with mild inviting mien;
And Purity and cautious Dread of blame,
With ardent love of clear unspotted fame;
And sage Discretion, seldom seen below
Where the full veins with youthful ardour glow;
Benevolence and Harmony of soul
Were there, but rarely found from pole to pole;
And there consummate Beauty shone, combin'd
With all the pureness of an angel-mind.

Such was the host that to the conflict came,
Their bosoms kindling with empyreal flame
And sense of heavenly help.—The beams that broke
From each celestial file, with horror struck
The bowyer god, who felt the blinding rays,
And like a mortal stood in fixt amaze;

While on his spoils the fair assailants flew,
And plunder'd at their ease the captive crew;
And some with palmy boughs the way bestrew'd,
To shew their conquest o'er the baffled god.
Sudden as Hannibal on Zama's field
Was forc'd to Scipio's conquering arms to yield;
Sudden as David's hand the giant sped,
When Accaron beheld his fall and fled;
Sudden as *her* revenge who gave the word,
When her stern guards dispatch'd the Persian lord*;
Or like a man that feels a strong disease
His shivering members in a moment seize —
Such direful throes convuls'd the despot's frame:
His hands, that veil'd his eyes, confest his shame,
And mental pangs more agonizing far
In his sick bosom bred a civil war;

* Cyrus; slain by Tomyres, according to Herodotus.

And hate and anguish, with insatiate ire,
Flash'd in his eyes with momentary fire.—
Not raging Ocean when its billows boil;
Nor Typhon * when he lifts the trembling soil
Of Arima, his tortur'd limbs to ease;
Nor Etna, thundering o'er the subject seas—
Surpass'd the fury of the baffled Power,
Who stamp'd with rage, and bann'd the luckless hour.

Scenes yet unsung demand my loftiest lays—
But oh! the theme transcends a mortal's praise.
A sweet but humbler subject may suffice
To muster in my song her fair allies;
But first, her arms and vesture claim my song
Before I chant the fair attendant throng:—
A robe she wore that seem'd of woven light;—
The buckler of Minerva fill'd her right,
Medusa's bane; a column there was drawn
Of jasper bright; and o'er the snowy lawn

* See Homer, Il. ii.

And round her beauteous neck a chain was slung,
Which glittering on her snowy bosom hung.
Diamond and topaz there, with mingled ray,
Return'd in varied hues the beam of day;
A treasure of inestimable cost,
Too long, alas! in Lethe's bosom lost:
To modern matrons scarcely known by fame,
Few, were it to be found, the prize would claim.

With this the vanquish'd god she firmly bound,
While I with joy her kind assistance own'd:
But oh! the feeble Muse attempts in vain
To celebrate in song her numerous train;
Not all the choir of Aganippe's spring
The pageant of the sisterhood could sing:
But some shall live, distinguish'd in my lay,
The most illustrious of the long array.—
The dexter wing the fair Lucretia led,
With her*, who, faithful to her nuptial bed,

* Penelope.

Her suitors scorn'd: and these with dauntless hand
The quiver seiz'd, and scatter'd on the strand
The pointless arrows, and the broken bow
Of Cupid, their despoil'd and recreant foe.—
Lovely Virginia with her sire was nigh:
Paternal love and anger in his eye
Beam'd terrible, while in his hand he show'd
Aloft the dagger ting'd with virgin blood,
Which freedom on the maid and Rome at once bestow'd.—
Then the Teutonic dames, a dauntless race[4],
Who rush'd on death to shun a foe's embrace;—
And Judith chaste and fair, but void of dread,
Who the hot blood of Holofernes shed;—
And that fair Greek who chose a watery grave
Her threaten'd purity unstain'd to save.—
All these and others to the combat flew,
And all combin'd to wreak the vengeance due
On him, whose haughty hand in days of yore
From clime to clime his conquering standard bore.

Another troop the vestal virgin[5] led,
Who bore along from Tyber's oozy bed
His liquid treasure in a sieve, to show
The falsehood of her base calumnious foe
By wond'rous proof.—And there the Sabine queen*
With all the matrons of her race were seen,
Renown'd in records old;—and next in fame
Was she, who dauntless met the funeral flame,
Not wrong'd in love, but to preserve her vows
Immaculate to her Sidonian spouse.
Let others of Æneas' falsehood tell,
How by an unrequited flame she fell;
A nobler, though a self-inflicted doom,
Caus'd by connubial love, dismiss'd her to the tomb.—
Picarda† next I saw, who vainly tried
To pass her days on Arno's flowery side

* Hersilca, wife of Romulus.
† Picarda.—See Dante, Purg. c. 3.

In single purity, till force compell'd
The virgin to the marriage bond to yield.

The Triumph seem'd at last to reach the shore
Where lofty Baiæ hears the Tuscan roar.
'Twas on a vernal morn it touch'd the land,
And 'twixt Mount Barbaro that crowns the strand
And old Avernus (once an hallow'd ground);
For the Cumæan sibyl's cell renown'd.
Linterna's sandy bounds it reach'd at last,
Great Scipio's favour'd haunt in ages past;
Fam'd Africanus, whose victorious blade
The slaught'rous deeds of Hannibal repaid,
And to his country's heart a bloody passage made.
Here in a calm retreat his life he spent
With rural peace and solitude content.

And here the flying rumour sped before,
And magnified the deed from shore to shore.

The pageant, when it reach'd the destin'd spot,
Seem'd to exceed their utmost reach of thought.
There, all distinguish'd by their deeds of arms,
Excell'd the rest in more than mortal charms.
Nor he*, whom oft the steeds of conquest drew,
Disdain'd another's Triumphs to pursue.

At the Metropolis arriv'd at last,
To fair Sulpitia's temples[6] soon we past,
Sacred to Chastity, to ward the pest
With which her sensual foes inflame the breast;
The patroness of noble dames alone—
Then was the fair plebeian Pole unknown.

The Victress† here display'd her martial spoils,
And here the laurel hung that crown'd her toils:

* Scipio, in allusion to the remarkable instance of his self-denial recorded by the historians.

† Laura.

A guard she station'd on the Temple's bound—
The Tuscan, mark'd with many a glorious wound[7]
Suspicion in the jealous breast to cure:
With him a chosen squadron kept the door.
I heard their names, and I remember well
The youthful Greek* that by his stepdame fell,
And him† who, kept by heaven's command in awe,
Refus'd to violate the nuptial law.

* Hippolytus. † Joseph.

NOTES

ON THE

TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY.

(1) The conquest of Love by Laura is introduced rather abruptly; nor does the subsequent imagery, in which the contest is described, seem perfectly well adapted to the subject.

(2) A sentiment of the greatest importance in morality, and which will stand its ground while reason and conscience maintain their power, notwithstanding the machinations of sceptics and enthusiasts to destroy it.

From this and many passages in the Poems of our Author, the purity of Laura's character appears so perfectly established, that it seems difficult to

conceive what could have given origin to a contrary opinion.

(3) An highly-finished personification, almost too plain to deserve the name of allegory, and which it is hoped will be peculiarly interesting to the fair sex, both for the beauty of the imagery and the importance of its moral.—Collins seems to have had this passage in view in his first pastoral, and has improved and applied it with great force of reason and beauty of language.

Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair,
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of the female mind.
Oh haste, fair Maids! ye virtues, come away!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way.
Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come then, whose thoughts as limpid streams are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear!
Here make thy court amid the rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.

With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amid thy train be known
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone;
Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes;
And friendly Pity full of tender sighs;
And Love the last: by these your hearts approve—
These are the virtues that must lead to Love.

The last lines deserve particular attention: the precept conveyed in them has been amplified and illustrated by our best novelists, whose heroines are in general so far only interesting, as they exhibit the virtues that *lead to Love* in various combinations and points of view, constituting the leading features of their characters.

I am happy at an opportunity of inserting the following lines from a contemporary poet, though they are *not* an *imitation*, except to copy nature be to imitate.

Oh! form'd alike for virtue and delight,
To reason lovely, as to fancy bright;

Angelic soothers of the mental storm,
What winds can ruffle, or what waves deform
When Woman smiles, the halcyon of the breast?
The toiling thoughts and surging passions' rest.
Pliant to bend, and yielding to controul,
With softest art she sways the rudest soul;
Her's, melting kindness, impressive grace,
The spirit beaming through the seraph face;
Her's, pity for the wretched prone to grieve;
Awake to see, and thoughtful to relieve;
Instinctive wisdom her's, unstudied skill,
And inborn purity that shrinks from ill;
And sportive fancy her's, and taste refin'd,
The flowers and ornaments of blooming mind;
Like vernal blossoms, changeful, bright, and gay,
Sudden and sweet her young ideas play.

This picture is animated and original: the virtues that lead to Love are not dressed in the gorgeous trappings of allegory; but we see them by *inference*, or rather we perceive their effect on a feeling heart, a cultivated mind, and an ardent imagination. The one writes like a cold moralist; and the other like a man that can feel and paint with all the enthusiasm of true genius and the pure passion.

(4) The wives of the Gauls and Germans, who were defeated by Marius, to avoid falling into the power of the victors, destroyed themselves and their children, and were found hanging upon the beams of their carriages.—Plutarch in Mario.

(5) Tuccia, who, being accused of incontinence, to prove her innocence is said to have carried water in a sieve from the Tyber.

(6) Sulpitia dedicated a temple in Rome to CHASTITY, the PATRONESS OF NOBLE DAMES. Plebeians were not allowed to join them in their religious ceremonies: at last, a temple was built to the goddess of the same name, who was supposed to favour the plebeians. This was in the age when patricians and plebeians rivalled each other in the most glorious exertions of public virtue, and point out in a very strong light the good effects of example in this noble emulation.

(7) Spurinna, a Tuscan, who, according to Valerius Maximus, being a youth of uncommon beauty, disfigured his face that he might cure the jealousy of the parents and husbands who had entertained that passion against him.

END OF THE TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY.

THE

TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

PART THE FIRST.

That spotless soul that left her dust behind,
And shines all glorious now, an angel mind
From ties material unrestrained and light—
I sung, victorious in the hardy fight
Over that mighty lord, whose potent sway
And fraudful wiles the sons of earth obey.
Her strength was from above—her vestal fire
Consum'd the flying shafts of low desire—
Her heavenly glance o'ercame his wanton smiles—
Her soaring thoughts escap'd his tangling wiles;

And Wisdom, by her winged guardian taught,
That sanctified each accent, look, and thought.

Oh what a glorious prospect there was seen,
When Cupid's baffled arms bestrow'd the green
With many a lifeless corse and captive swain,
Newly entangled in the Cyprian chain!
Then, with the trophies of the well-fought day,
Her chosen troop victorious in the fray
She led; a slender band, but fam'd afar
Wherever Phœbus wheels his burning car.
Distinguish'd names, but rare; and each might claim
A poet's passport to eternal fame:
High floating on the winds, a lively green
Their banner shew'd a beauteous ermeline*:
A golden ringlet round his neck was wrought,
Where gemmy rays from many a topaz caught
The dazzled sight, as in the eye of day
The verdant folds were seen aloft to play.

* Ancient name for an ermine.

And not as mortals march they seem'd to move,
But like a pageant of the powers above.
As planets round the sun in order bright,
Their eyes, all bent on her's, imbib'd the light;
And ever as they gaz'd their rapture grew,
Though mortal eye could ill sustain the view.
The violet and rose in blended pride
A fragrant wreath to every fair supplied;
Their starlike eyes confess'd the constant flame
That burn'd in every breast for deathless fame.

But soon a sable ensign far display'd
In the dim welkin hung a dismal shade;
And, like a wan eclipse approaching slow,
Spread its pale umbrage o'er the gaudy show:
Beneath its shade was seen a female form,
Whose looks were lightning and her voice a storm;
All wrapt in black her giant shape was seen,
With such ferocious menace in her mien

As mark'd of old the heaven-defying crew
Who brav'd the vollied lightning as it flew.
She rais'd her hand, and thus vindictive said:—
"O THOU in more than mortal charms array'd,
Behold that mighty power, whose awful name
Mortals, with pale antipathy, proclaim!
Whose prospects I involve in sudden night,
While they rely on long arrears of light.
The Grecian glory sunk beneath my frown,
I laid in dust the Dardan's long renown:
Even Rome victorious erst in many a fray
My more tremendous falchion swept away.
Far o'er barbarian climes my trophies spread,
And shores unknown are heap'd with nameless dead;
Hope's gaudy forms in rising prospect fair
Sink at my touch like images of air;
And with an harpy's haste I bear away
Weak man's abortive schemes, a sudden prey
To you whom vernal scenes of life allure:
Yet from the sad and wintry charge secure,

Ere yet my hand the bitter dregs instill,
And the deep mingled bowl with anguish fill,
I come a friend."—The peerless dame replied,
"Already *these* your deadly darts have tried.
I dare the proof. These vestments of decay
Are your's: the deathless soul contemns your sway.
Not for myself, but for another's woes
I plead, for more than life my life bestows.
Not for myself I bless the friendly stroke
That frees my spirit from this earthly yoke."

As one that sees with palpitating heart
An unexpected form to being start,
And wandering stands, and seems his doubts to blame,
The spectre listened to the peerless dame
With mild regard, and eyes of temper'd flame:
Then thus replied:—"I know their doom is past:
I well remember when the bitter blast

Of Death they proved!" He paused; and turning mild,
Like one, by Virtue's charms, of rage beguil'd,
He said, "Oh you who guide that angel band,
Who ne'er have felt the rigour of my hand;
If to my sapient counsel you attend,
You'll find me less a tyrant than a friend.
I could compell; but choose the softer skill
By Wisdom's influence to subdue your will.
If the long toils of slow consuming age
You wish to shun, and leave the earthly stage
With unreluctant feet, my gentle power
Shall smooth the horrors of the parting hour
With comforts, never yet bestow'd on man
Since first my Triumphs o'er his race began."—
"Be it as heaven ordains!" was her reply;
"My will submits to Him who rules on high.
I crave no prouder lot than others know;
Content, like them, to meet the final blow."

She scarce had spoke, when o'er the shaded plain
Approached, in mournful march, a countless train;
Beyond the power of prose or poet's lay
To number, or to name. From rich Cathay,
From India, Spain, and Mauritania's coast,
Like meeting floods, appear'd the mighty host;
The sons of every clime and every age,
And covering far the mighty mundane stage.
Then Fortune's minions in the press appear'd,
Pontiffs, and kings, and potentates rever'd;
But naked now, disconsolate, and bare,
They look a ghastly squadron of despair.
Where are their Riches now? their honours flown,
The gemmy sparks that starr'd the regal crown?
The guards, the splendid throne, the purple vest,
The rod of sovereign sway from east to west?
O wretched they who place their hopes below
On the poor pageant of this empty show!
But who are faultless? who avoids the blame
Of selling heavenly hope for lasting shame?

And first by heaven, a common doom they share;
When vanity they sow, and reap despair.
O blind of intellect! of what avail
Are your long toils on this sublunar vale?
Tell, ye benighted souls! what gains accrue
From the sad task which ceaseless ye pursue?
Ye soon must mingle with the dust ye tread,
And scarce your name upon a stone be read:
Yet e'en your vanity were not in vain,
Were mortals lessen'd by your fruitless pain!
Rise, then, ye phantoms of imperial sway!
And tell the fruits of many a slaught'rous day;
Send on the posting winds your black renown,
For kings subdu'd and freeborn states o'erthrown.
Like meteors, kindling on the Stygian gale,
As down Perdition's gloomy gulf ye sail,
What countless toils, what perils ye sustain
By land and sea, for glory or for gain!
The time will come, when nature's frugal fare
Will be acknowledg'd more to claim your care

Than gems of gold. But now my devious strain
Turns to the cavalcade of Death again;
For now remorseless Fate, like envious Night,
Drew her dim curtain o'er that glorious light;
And that terrific hour, the dread of man,
Its baleful march, with leaden feet, began.
Another female choir the band increas'd,
(Not from their earthly tenements releas'd)
Who round the victim stood, with awful pause,
To see if Death would mitigate her laws.
The ringlet now she seiz'd, the golden prize*
By fate devoted to the nether skies.
"Ah!" gently did she crop the sweetest flower
That ever yet adorn'd a summer bower,
As if she fear'd to hurt its tender bloom
Fated in heavenly climes to breath perfume.
Then oh, what loud laments were heard around!
Yet calm, expecting Fate, in peace profound!

* See Virg. l. 4, sub. fi

The victim sate; nor throb, nor starting tear
Betray'd the symptoms of degenerate fear.
Those eyes were still serene, whose lambent light
Had fir'd my soul, and wing'd the Muses' flight.
Midst the tumultuous scene of general woe
Hope in her ardent eyes was seen to glow,
As if she saw amid the opening skies,
E'en now, her well-spent life's etherial prize.
" Go, denizen of heaven, to earth assign'd!
Pure emanation of th' Eternal Mind.
Oh! when immortal charms must plead in vain
'Gainst those fell hands that loose the vital chain,
What must the rest expect? What dreadful change,
When in a few short days the fatal range
Of pale Disease such desolation made,
And of its matchless beauties disarray'd
That form, by turns to fiery pangs a prey,
Or the chill ague's unrelenting sway!"—

On what, alas! can human hope repose
Amid a series of incessant woes?
They only, they that saw the final strife
Between the rival powers of Death and Life,
Can tell the symphony of groans that rose,
The tears that fell around that couch of woes!
Six times the sun of April drank the dew
When his fell bow the King of Terrors drew,
And sent the shaft, that from all worldly ties
My spirit freed, when Laura sought the skies.
O fatal Liberty! disgusting boon!
Never did woeful soul beneath the moon
Lament his bonds, or death impending blow,
As I my freedom in this world of woe.
O why should Death the fatal stroke suspend?
Who longer saw the sun, should first descend
To fill the welcome grave! the public voice
And slow consuming age would sanctify the choice.
Ah! why should Death commit such direful waste
On worth, and let th' ignoble number last?

Yet why the anguish of that day recall?—
Friendly Oblivion! spread thy thickest pall
O'er my past woes, that words can ill display,
For prose too mournful, or the Muses' lay!—
"Etherial purity from earth is fled,
Beauty and worth are number'd with the dead;"
So mourn'd the drooping dames about the funeral bed.
"How is the light eclips'd which Heaven supplied,
Too soon recall'd! what beacon now shall guide
Our dubious steps on that unbeaten road,
Where her pure lamp, with light transcendent, show'd
What fine gradations lead the female train,
Like saints to live, and join their blissful reign?
That heavenly voice no more shall charm our ears
With strains that seem'd the music of the spheres."
The fatal moment came at last that show'd
The Virtues, soaring from their pale abode
In one bright orb, that o'er the welkin drew
A track of glory where the spirit flew.

No meddling friend that haunts the parting soul
Dar'd on that couch his baleful eyes to roll,
Or his tremendous features there disclose
Till languid Nature sought her last repose,
And Death his task perform'd: but now at last,
When they beheld the vital struggle past,
When trembling Hope was frozen to Despair,
All fix'd their eyes upon that heavenly air
That still her face adorn'd; the lamp of life
Seem'd not to yield with long reluctant strife,
But, with a lambent self-consuming fire,
By slow gradations gently to expire,
Of nutriment depriv'd; no mark was seen
By pain impress'd on her seraphic mien;
No earthy hue her pallid cheek display'd;
But the pure snow, that, when the winds are laid,
Clothes the long Appenines with shining vest,
Seem'd on the relics of the saint to rest.

Like one recumbent from her toils she lay,
Losing in sleep the labours of the day:
And from her parting soul an heavenly trace
Seem'd yet to play upon her lifeless face,
Where Death enamour'd sate, and smil'd with angel grace.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

PART THE SECOND.

That fearful night that closed on Laura's doom
(Quenched, like the day-star in Cimmerian gloom;
But fated, too, like him, with rising ray,
To mix her splendour with empyreal day:)
Was come, and found me with benighted eyes
Mourning her passage to her native skies.
And now her sacred dews Aurora shed,
That chace the dreams by earthy vapours bred;
And genuine visions from the hallow'd seat
Of heavenly truth, in airy pageant, fleet

Through the rapt mind; when, like another day,
Doubling the splendours of the matin ray,
A form seraphic, with a crown of light
Too radiant for the strength of mortal sight,
Her station left, where many a living star
Dispens'd a soft celestial charm afar.
That hand, which oft I long'd to touch in vain—
That hand, so oft refus'd with cold disdain,
She seem'd without reluctance to bestow,
Enkindling rapture's soft Elysian glow.
"And is your Laura yet unknown?" she cried:
"Will you not recognise your gentle guide
That led you from Oblivion's dusky vale,
The sunny hill of high renown to scale?"—
She spoke, and led me to a flowery seat,
Where shading beech and laurel seem'd to meet;
While, mingling tears of grief and glad surprise,
Sighing I said—"What demon sealed mine eyes?
Say, do you live? or share the common doom
In the dark chambers of the silent tomb?"— 30

" Oh! mine is life indeed!" with matchless grace*
She said; " but you are bound in Death's embrace,
And still in that cold jail art doom'd to pine
Till the strong barrier yields to power divine.
But time is short — repress your fond desire
Too much or too minutely to inquire —
The day is near." — I then returned in haste,
" O tell me when the dream of life is past,
What terrors are in death!" — The vision fair
Thus seem'd to answer with benignant air: —
" While in the common track your fancy flows,
And Ignorance her baleful umbrage throws
O'er your sick mind, your sin-degraded soul
Can never taste the joys above the pole.
Death, to the mind from mortal passions free,
Opes the fair palace of eternity:
But to the mole-eyed, self-embruted train,
That glorious scene were only change of pain.

* See the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero.

Oh! could my spirit, lodg'd within your breast,
Infuse the faintest rapture of the blest,
That parting shock which now your soul annoys
Would raise your faculties to boundless joys."

She spoke, and seemed to fix her ardent eyes
In sacred silence on the glowing skies.
The time was opportune my doubts to clear,
And thus I scann'd the cause of general fear:—
" Nero and Caius, with Etruria's lord *,
Marius, Sylla's far-destroying sword;
The pains that grind the joints, the fever's flame,
And each disease that wastes the human frame;
With dire ingredients fill the bitter draught,
And make our exit horrible to thought."—
" Alas!" she cried, " the family of Pain
That lead the car of Death (a dreadful train)

* Mezentius—see Virg. l. 10.

Appall each sense; and fear of worse behind
Like heaven's own thunder smites the trembling mind.
But when the prowess of victorious Faith
Wafts the weak spirit o'er the gulf of Death,
What then is Death but one expiring sigh,
That bears a new-fledg'd angel to the sky!" —
When now more near the fatal moment drew,
Methought within an holy instinct grew;
Though my sick frame, at Fate's imperious call,
Seem'd like a fabric tottering to its fall;
When, in sad accents, tremulous and slow,
This mournful chant beside me seem'd to flow: —
" Unhappy he, whose hours in tardy train
Seem each a day of long-protracted pain!
One vision haunts him through the tedious way
By land and sea, to lasting woes a prey:
One lovely vision fills the gloomy void —
On that his thoughts and words are all employed."
I turn'd me at the sound, and spied the dame
Whose caution temper'd oft our mutual flame;

Her looks, her words, the dear remembrance woke
How oft her prudence eas'd the heavy yoke*
Of hapless Love, even in the rosy prime
Of youth, ere yet the flame was check'd by Time.
That flame which woke the Muses' ardent song,
Which plausive realms in many a strain prolong.
Yet ah! these gay delicious hours, that bring
A train of youthful pleasures on the wing,
Are like the miserable dregs of age,
Match'd with the joys that now my heart engage.
" Thine is the Triumph! thine, victorious Death,
That gently stole away my parting breath!
No exile, to his native home return'd,
For the lov'd spot with more devotion burn'd,
Than I, expectant of the second birth,
But one soft tie confin'd me still to earth—
Pity for thee!"—" O tell me!" I exclaim'd,
" By that soft passion which my heart inflam'd,

* The commentators say that this was a confidante of Laura's.

By the strong charm of my unalter'd faith,
Now seen more clearly since the hand of Death
Has mov'd the veil from that primeval light
Where truth essential shines distinct and bright;
Did ever Love inspire a tender thought,
Was e'er your heart by soft compassion taught
With my unceasing woes to sympathise,[2]
Though still intent on Virtue's glorious prize,
Some sweetness mingled with your looks of scorn,
And Love, methought, I saw, in anger born;
No less than when, with soft pacific smile,
You gently deign'd my sorrows to beguile."
I scarce had ended, when a lambent ray
Of soft Elysian transport seem'd to play
O'er her angelic face — delicious light,
That oft had put my gloomy cares to flight!
Then with a gentle sigh she thus return'd: —
"For thee, for thee alone, this bosom burn'd:
The spark was felt below; but here above
Flames like a taper of eternal Love.

Yet still I knew your stubborn heart to tame
And temper with my looks your raging flame.
'Twas Love, chastis'd by Virtue's holy charm,
With which I tried your captive heart to warm,
And save us from that ignominious fate
Where Ruin seem'd with Infamy to wait
For our united fall. My cold disdain
Was like a mother's pious care to train
Her child to happiness. How oft I said,
'Love's genuine fires that loyal heart invade:
'But cool Discretion must the means provide
'To turn the fury of the storm aside
'That rages in his breast; the wild controll
'Of Hope or Fear benight the prison'd soul;
'The cloud or sunshine which my looks display
'Shall rule his passions with imperial sway.
'Thus let him watch the changes of my face,
'What lurks within his eye shall never trace.'
This was the heart that like a gentle rein
Oft held your passion in suspended pain

Restrain'd, if causeless Hope your bosom fir'd;
Relax'd, if cold Despair the sigh inspir'd.
How oft has anger lighten'd in my eyes,
When tyrant Love had made my heart his prize!
Yet ne'er did Reason's sceptre leave her hand,
Or once give way to Passion's wild demand.

Then, when I saw an overwhelming cloud
Of damp despair your pallid features shroud,
I sent a sunny smile that broke the gloom,
And seem'd to wake you from the yawning tomb.
For oh! your life was dear, but dearer far
A spotless heart, my soul's peculiar care.
Then, if your passion too intensely flam'd,
One cold and wintry frown your madness tam'd,
Or well-dissembled fear completely froze
Your hope, when to a frantic pitch it rose.
Such were the wiles which cautious Love inspir'd,
To curb the passion which your bosom fir'd.

Soft-beaming smiles, commixt with cold disdain,
Led you to Virtue's height by artful train.
My changes were the theme of many a song,
That told my Triumphs to the applauding throng;
And oft your languid eyes, suffus'd with tears,
Fed by Despair, awoke my tender fears.
'He dies!' I cried: 'O let me haste to save
'My victim, ere he fills the yawning grave!'
I look'd you into life; but, soon compell'd
By your presumptuous love, your hope withheld,
And check'd the flowing rein with prudent hand
That kept your wild career in due command.
Thus Hope and Fear with ever-changing hue
Taught the hard lesson of allegiance, due
To Virtue and to *me*. And now at last
With joy I see your arduous trial's past."—
"Oh!" I replied, "what raptures would I prove,
Could I believe the shaft of mutual Love
Had touch'd your heart!"—"O misbeliever, hear!"
She cried, with kindling cheek and brow severe:

"Why do you listen with suspended faith?
Why should I trifle in the shades of Death?
You never learn'd on earth, nor need you know,
How strong I felt the sympathetic glow;
Yet with no common joy I saw you bound,
With joy I heard when you my conquest own'd;
Nor less I lov'd the thrilling voice of Fame,
That spread through many a clime my honour'd name.
Thy love I priz'd, but not its boundless rage,
And cool discretion used the flame to suage;
When most I felt for you, I show'd disdain,
And curb'd my passion while your mournful strain
To all the listening world your woes declar'd,
While on my lips I kept a painful guard.
This is the *key* to that mysterious plan
That through the tenor of my conduct ran;
We lov'd, but heavenly Wisdom's gentle sway
Kept in each breast the raging pest at bay.
Your passion kindled mine, but your's was shown;
My bosom burn'd like your's, but burn'd unknown.

I heard you spend your voice in fruitless prayer,
I saw your face the picture of Despair,
Yet durst not give relief: Distrust and Shame
Represt the fury of my rising flame;
Yet think not one who thus her flame conceals
Less than the loud complaining lover feels;
Or what he never felt perhaps may feign,
While others shrink beneath a smother'd pain.
But still did Fate for once the veil remove,
When, panting, I perus'd the LINES OF LOVE*;
While you, in pale suspense, stood trembling by,
And saw my burning cheek and downcast eye:
My heart was your's — I quench'd my ardent flame;
I check'd my tell-tale eyes; — was I to blame
If I denied my smiles? — my heart was thine:
Why should you at the nobler gift repine?
Yet often as I seem'd your love to slight,
Far oftener I indulg'd the dear delight

* A canzone of Petrarch, addressed to her, which begins thus:— "Nel dolce Tempo della prima Etade."—See his Poems.

Of many a secret glance, from you conceal'd,
And all the woman in my looks reveal'd.
Love, all-commanding Love you there might read,
But much I fear'd the rising flame to feed;
Else had I met your dear delicious glance,
And fed your glowing Love with kind advance.
Yet *this* I will disclose:—a certain sign
What love and pride and reverence mixt, was mine;
I often mourn'd my low inglorious lot,
That fixt my birth in that sequester'd spot
Among the Tramontanes* — so far from thee,
Far from the golden bounds of much-lov'd Italy;
Yet some peculiar charms the spot may claim,
When first these eyes inspir'd the glorious flame.
Oh! had we never met, that feeling heart
From other eyes had felt the burning dart!
And I, a name renown'd from zone to zone,
Had sunk to dust, forgotten and unknown!"—

* Avignon.

"O no!" I cried, "the rolling spheres above
That kindled first the nascent spark to love,
Whatever clime your heav'nly presence own'd,
Had led me there by sacred instinct bound."—
"Whate'er you think, the honour all was mine,"
The vision answer'd with a smile divine;
"But, heedless how the blissful moments fly,
You see not how Aurora climbs the sky,
Fresh from her golden bed; and Sol is seen
Just half emerging from the wavy green.
I see the signal to depart with pain,
Be brief, my *only* Love! if aught remain
Still on your mind to question or disclose;
The fleeting hours a long divorce impose."—
"Whatever I endur'd, or yet may know,
This condescension soothes my deepest woe,"
Thus grateful I replied: "but how to bear,
Without thy guardian eye, the lot severe
Of life, is hard to learn. O kindly tell
How long I'm doom'd beneath the moon to dwell!

And whether Fate allow to join your flight,
Like fellow-angels in the fields of light
After a short sojourn!"—The saint replied,
"As far as light of knowledge is supplied,
Yet many years must walk their tardy round,
Before your brows with amaranth be crown'd."

END OF THE SECOND AND LAST PART.

NOTES

ON THE

TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

(1) This is an exact account of the last scene of Laura. Her biographer observes, as an indubitable proof of her uncommon merit, that the attachment of her female friends was not lessened by their envy at her personal charms. The sentiments expressed by them on this occasion are the same which are recorded by Petrarch in his prose works.

(2) On account of this sentiment of Laura this part is in some editions printed with the Triumph of Fame, and not without reason; because if the account be true, as it is highly probable, she at least

endangered her delicacy, if not her virtue, by her inordinate passion for the reputation of furnishing a theme to so celebrated a poet.

END OF THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

THE

TRIUMPH OF FAME.

PART THE FIRST.

When cruel Death his paly ensign spread
Over that face, which oft in triumph led
My subject thoughts; and Beauty's sovereign light,
Retiring, left the world immerst in night;
The Phantom, with a frown that chill'd the heart,
Seem'd with his gloomy pageant to depart,
Exulting in his formidable arms,
And proud of conquest o'er seraphic charms.

When, turning round, I saw the Power * advance
That breaks the gloomy grave's eternal trance,
And bids the disembodied spirit claim
The glorious guerdon of immortal FAME.
Like Phosphor, in the sullen rear of night,
Before the golden wheels of orient light
He came. But who the tendant pomp can tell,
What mighty master of the chorded shell
Can sing how Heaven above accordant smil'd,
And what bright pageantry the prospect fill'd.
I look'd, but all in vain: the potent ray
Flash'd on my sight intolerable day
At first; but to the splendor soon inur'd,
My eyes perus'd the pomp with sight assur'd.
True dignity in every face was seen,
As on they march'd with more than mortal mien;
And some I saw whom Love had link'd before,
Ennobled now by Virtue's lofty lore.

* *Viz.* Fame.

Cæsar and Scipio on the dexter hand
Of the bright goddess led the laurel'd band.
One, like a planet by the lord of day,
Seem'd o'er-illumin'd by her splendid ray,
By brightness hid; for he, to Virtue true,
His mind from Love's soft bondage nobly drew.
The other, half a slave to female charms,
Parted his homage to the god of arms
And Love's seductive power: but, close and deep,
Like files that climb'd the Capitolian steep
In years of yore, along the SACRED WAY *
A martial squadron came in long array.
In ranges as they mov'd distinct and bright,
On every burganet † that met the light,
Some name of long renown, distinctly read,
O'er each majectic brow a glory shed.

* The *via sacra*, by which the triumphs at Rome passed to the Capitol.

† Old name for an helmet.

Still on the noble pair my eyes I bent,
And watch'd their progress up the steep ascent.
The second Scipio next in line was seen,
And he that seem'd the lure of Egypt's queen;
With many a mighty chief I there beheld,
Whose val'rous hand the battle's storm repell'd.
Two fathers of the great Cornelian name,
With their three noble sons who shar'd their fame;
One singly march'd before, and, hand in hand,
His two heroic partners trod the strand.
The last was first in fame; but brighter beams
His follower[1] flung around in solar streams
Metauro's champion, whom the moon beheld
When his resistless spears the current swell'd;
With Libya's hated gore in arms renown'd
Was he, nor less with Wisdom's olive crown'd.
Quick was his thought and ready was his hand,
His power accomplished what his reason plann'd;
He seem'd with eagle eye, and eagle wing
Sudden on his predestin'd game to spring.

But *he** that follow'd next with step sedate
Drew round his foe the viewless snare of Fate;
While, with consummate art, he kept at bay
The raging foe, and conquer'd by delay.
Another Fabius join'd the stoic pair,
The Pauli and Marcelli fam'd in war†;
With them the victor in the friendly strife‡,
Whose public virtue quench'd his love of life.
With either Brutus ancient Curius came;
Fabricius too I spied, a nobler name§
(With his plain russet gown and simple board)
Than either‖ Lydian with their golden hoard.

* Fabius Maximus.

† The Pauli and Marcelli, names celebrated in the second Punic war.

‡ Regulus; see Hor. lib. 3, ode 5; and the beautiful Drama of Metastatio on the subject.—See also Miss More's Inflexible Captive.

§ For the following names see the Roman History and the Dictionaries.

‖ Medas and Crœsus.

Then came the great dictator from the plough,
And old Serranus show'd his laurel'd brow,
Marching with equal step. Camillus near,
Who fresh and vigorous in the bright career
Of Honour, sped, and never slack'd his pace,
Till Death o'ertook him in the noble race,
And plac'd him in a sphere of Fame so high,
That other patriots fill'd a lower sky.
Even those ungrateful hands that seal'd his doom
Recall'd the banish'd man to rescue Rome.
Torquatus nigh, a sterner spectre stood,
His fasces all besmear'd with filial blood:
He childless to the Shades resolv'd to go,
Rather than Rome a moment should forego
That dreadful discipline, whose rigid lore
Had spread their triumphs round from shore to shore.
Then the two Decii came, by heaven inspir'd,
Divinely bold, as when the foe retir'd
Before their heaven-directed march, amaz'd,
When on the self-devoted men they gaz'd,

Till they provoked their fate. And Curtius nigh,
As when to heaven he cast his upward eye,
And all on fire with Glory's opening charms,
Plung'd to the Shades below with clanging arms.
Lævinus, Mummius, with Flaminius show'd,
Like meaner lights along the heavenly road;
And he* who conquer'd Greece from sea to sea
Then mildly bade th' afflicted race be free.
Next came the dauntless envoy† with his wand,
Whose more than magic circle on the sand
The frenzy of the Syrian king confin'd:
O'er-aw'd he stood, and at his fate repin'd.
Great Manlius too, who drove the hostile throng
Prone from the steep on which his members hung,
(A sad reverse) the hungry vultures' food,
When Roman Justice claim'd his forfeit blood.
Then Cocles came, who took his dreadful stand
Where the wide arch the foaming torrent spann'd,

* Flaminius. † See Roman History.

Stemming the tide of war with matchless might,
And turn'd the heady current of the fight.
And he *, that, stung with fierce vindictive ire,
Consum'd his erring hand with hostile fire.
Iulius next and Catulus were seen,
Whose daring navies plough'd the billowy green
That laves Pelarus and the Sardian shore,
And dy'd the rolling waves with Punic gore.
Great Appius next advanced in sterner mood,
Who with patrician loftiness withstood
The clamours of the crowd. But, close behind,
Of gentler manners and more equal mind,
Came one, perhaps the first in martial might,
Yet his dim glory cast a waning light †;
But neither Bacchus, nor Alcmena's son ‡
Such trophies yet by east or west have won;
Nor he, that in the arms of conquest died §,
As he, when Rome's stern foes his valour tried.

* Popilius. † Pompey. ‡ Hercules. § Epaminondas.

Yet he surviv'd his Fame. But luckier far
Was one that followed next, whose golden star*
To better fortune led, and mark'd his name
Among the first in deeds of martial fame:
But cruel was his rage, and dipp'd in gore
By civil slaughter was the wreath he wore.
A less ensanguined laurel grac'd the head
Of him† that next advanced with lofty tread,
In martial conduct and in active might
Of equal honour in the fields of fight.
Then great Volumnius, who expell'd the pest
Whose spreading ills the Romans long distrest.
Rutilius, Cassus, Philo next in sight
Appear'd, like twinkling stars that gild the night.
Three men I saw advancing up the vale
Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail:

* Sylla.

† Who this is seems uncertain: the commentators think it is Cæsar, but Cæsar is mentioned before.

Dentatus, long in standing fight renown'd;
Sergius and Sceva oft with conquest crown'd;
The treple terror of the hostile train,
On whom the storm of battle broke in vain.
Another Sergius near with deep disgrace
Marr'd the long glories of his ancient race.
Marius, then, the Cimbrians who repell'd
From fearful Rome, and Lybia's tyrant quell'd.
And Fulvius, who Campania's traitors slew *,
And paid ingratitude with vengeance due.
Another nobler Fulvius next appear'd;
And there the Father of the Gracchi rear'd
A solitary crest. The following form
Was he that often rais'd the factious storm—
Bold Catulus, and he † whom fortune's ray
Illumin'd still with beams of cloudless day;

* The Capuans, who joined with Hannibal against the Romans.—See Liv. dec. 3, l. 6.

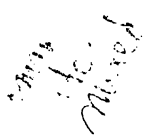
† Metellus.

Yet fail'd to chace the darkness of the mind,
That brooded still on loftier hopes behind.
From him a nobler line in two degrees
Reduc'd Numidia to reluctant peace.
Crete, Spain, and Macedonia's conquer'd lord
Adorn'd their triumphs and their treasures stor'd.
Vespasian, with his son *, I next survey'd,
An angel soul in angel form array'd;
Nor less his brother † seem'd in outward grace,
But hell within belied a beauteous face.
Then Nerva, who retriev'd the falling throne,
And Trajan, by his conquering eagles known.
Adrian, and Antonine the just and good,
He, with his son, the golden age renew'd;
And ere they rul'd the world, themselves subdued.

Then, as I turn'd my roving eyes around,
Quirinus I beheld with laurel crown'd,—

* Titus. † Domitian.

And five succeeding kings. The sixth was lost,
By vice degraded from his regal post;
A sentence just, whatever Pride may claim,
FOR VIRTUE ONLY FINDS ETERNAL FAME.



END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

TRIUMPH OF FAME.

PART THE SECOND.

FULL of ecstatic wonder at the sight,
I view'd Bellona's minions, fam'd in fight;
A brotherhood, to whom the circling sun
No rivals yet beheld, since time begun.—
But ah! the Muse despairs to mount their fame
Above the plaudits of historic Fame.
But now a foreign band the strain recalls—
Stern Hannibal, that shook the Roman walls;

Achilles, fam'd in Homer's lasting lay,
The Trojan pair that kept their foes at bay*;
Susa's proud rulers, a distinguish'd pair,
And he that pour'd the living storm of war[3]
On the fall'n thrones of Asia, till the main,
With awful voice, repell'd the conquering train.
Another chief appeared, alike in name,
But short was his career of martial fame;
For generous valour oft to fortune yields,
Too oft the arbitress of fighting fields.
The three † illustrious Thebans join'd the train,
Whose noble names adorn a former strain;
Great Ajax with Tydides next appear'd,
And he ‡ that o'er the sea's broad bosom steer'd
In search of shores unknown with daring prow,
And ancient Nestor, with his locks of snow,

* The Trojan pair, Hector and Æneas.—Susa's rulers, Darius and Xerxes.

† Bacchus, Alcides, and Epaminoudas.

‡ Ulysses.

Who thrice beheld the race of man decline,
And hail'd as oft a new heroic line:
Then Agamemnon, with the Spartan's shade,
One by his spouse forsaken, one betray'd:
And now another† Spartan met my view,
Who, cheerly, call'd his self-devoted crew
To banquet with the ghostly train below,
And with unfading laurels deck'd his brow;
Though from a bounded stage a softer strain
Was his, who next appear'd to cross the plain:
Fam'd Alcibiades, whose siren spell
Could raise the tide of passion, or repell
With more than magic sounds, when Athens stood
By his superior eloquence subdu'd.
The Marathenean chief†, with conquest crown'd,
With Cymon came, for filial love renown'd;
Who chose the dungeon's gloom and galling chain
His captive father's liberty to gain;

* Leonidas. † Miltiades.

Themistocles and Theseus met my eye;
And he* that with the first of Rome could vie
In self-denial; yet their native soil,
Insensate to their long illustrious toil,
To each denied the honours of a tomb,
But deathless Fame revers'd the rigid doom,
And show'd their worth in more conspicuous light
Through the surrounding shades of envious night.
Great Phocian next, who mourn'd an equal fate,
Expell'd and exil'd from his parent state;
A foul reward! by party rage decreed,
For acts that well might claim a nobler meed:
There Pyrrhus, with Numidia's king† behind,
Ever in faithful league with Rome combin'd,
The bulwark of his state. Another nigh‡,
Of Syracuse, I saw, a firm ally
To Italy, like him. But deadly hate,
Repulsive frowns, and love of stern debate,

* Aristides. † Massinissa. ‡ Hiero, king of Syracuse.

Hamilcar mark'd, who at a distance stood,
And ey'd the friendly pair in hostile mood.
The royal Lydian, with distracted mien,
Just as he scap'd the vengeful flame, was seen;
And Syphax, who deplor'd an equal doom,
Who paid with life his enmity with Rome;
And Brennus, fam'd for sacrilegious spoil,
That, overwhelm'd beneath the rocky pile,
Aton'd the carnage of his cruel hand,
Join'd the long pageant of the martial band;
Who march'd in foreign or barbarian guise
From every realm and clime beneath the skies.
But different far in habit from the rest,
One tribe with reverent awe my heart imprest:
There he that entertained the grand design
To build a temple to the Power Divine;
With him, to whom the oracles of heaven
The task to raise the sacred pile had given:
The task he soon fulfill'd by heaven assign'd,—
But let the nobler temple of the mind

To ruin fall, by Love's alluring sway
Seduc'd from Duty's hallow'd path astray;
Then he *, that on the flaming hill surviv'd
That sight no mortal else beheld, and liv'd—
Th' Eternal ONE, and heard, with awe profound,
That awful voice that shakes the globe around;
With him † who check'd the sun in mid career,
And stopp'd the burning wheels that mark the sphere,
(As a well-manag'd steed his lord obeys,
And at the straiten'd rein his course delays)
And still the flying war the tide of day
Pursu'd, and shew'd their bands in wild dismay.—
Victorious Faith! to thee belongs the prize;
In earth thy power is felt, and in the circling skies.—
The Father next, who erst by Heaven's command
Forsook his home, and sought the promis'd land;
The hallow'd scene of wide-redeeming grace:
And to the care of Heaven consign'd his race.

* Moses. † Joshua.

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Then Jacob, cheated in his amorous vows,
Who led in either hand a Syrian spouse;
And youthful Joseph, fam'd for self-command,
Was seen, conspicuous midst his kindred band.
Then stretching far my sight amid the train
That hid, in countless crowds, the shaded plain,
Good Hezekiah met my raptur'd sight,
And Manoah's son, a prey to female sleight;
And he, whose eye foresaw the coming flood,
With mighty Nimrod nigh, a man of blood;
Whose pride the heaven-defying tower design'd,
But Sin the rising fabric undermin'd.
Great Maccabeus next my notice claim'd,
By Love to Zion's broken laws inflam'd;
Who rush'd to arms to save a sinking state,
Scorning the menace of impending Fate.

Now satiate with the view, my languid sight
Had fail'd, but soon perceiv'd with new delight

A train, like Heaven's descending powers, appear,
Whose radiance seem'd my cherish'd sight to clear.

There march'd in rank the dames of ancient days,
Antiope renown'd for martial praise;
Orithya near, in glittering armour shone,
And fair Hippolita that wept her son *;
The sisters whom Alcides met of yore
In arms on Thermodon's distinguish'd shore;
When he and Theseus foil'd the warlike pair,
By force compell'd the nuptial rite to share.
The widow'd queen, who seem'd with tranquil smile
To view her son upon the funeral pile;
But brooding vengeance rankled deep within,
So Cyrus fell within the fatal gin:
Misconduct, which from age to age convey'd,
O'er her long glories cast a funeral shade.

* Hippolytus.

I saw the Amazon whom Ilion mourn'd,
And her* for whom the flames of Discord burn'd,
Betwixt the Trojan and Rutulian train
When her affianc'd lover press'd the plain;
And her†, that with dishevell'd tresses flew,
Half-arm'd, half-clad, her rebels to subdue.
Her partner too in lawless love I spied,
A Roman harlot, an incestuous bride‡.
But Tadmor's queen, with nobler fires inflam'd,
The pristine glory of the sex reclaim'd,
Who in the spring of life, in Beauty's bloom,
Her heart devoted to her husband's tomb;
True to his dust§, aspiring to the crown
Of virtue, in such years but seldom known:
With temper'd mail she hid her snowy breast,
And with Bellona's helm and nodding crest
Despising Cupid's lore, her charms conceal'd,
And led the foes of Latium to the field.

* Lavinia. † Semiramis. ‡ Cleopatra. § Zenobia.

The shock at ancient Rome was felt afar,
And Tyber trembled at the distant war
Of foes she held in scorn: but soon she found
That Mars his native tribes with conquest crown'd,
And by her haughty foes in triumph led,
The last warm tears of indignation shed.
O fair Bethulian! can my vagrant song
O'erpass thy virtues in the nameless throng,
When he that sought to lure thee to thy shame
Paid with his sever'd head his frantic flame?
Can Ninus be forgot, whose ancient name
Begins the long roll of imperial fame?
And he*, whose pride, by Heaven's imperial doom,
Reduc'd among the grazing herd to roam?
Belus, who first beheld the nations sway
To idols, from the Heaven-directed way,
Though he was blameless? Where does he reside
Who first the dangerous art of magic tried?

* Nebuchadnezzar.

O Crassus! much I mourn the baleful star
That o'er Euphrates led the storm of war.
Thy troops, by Parthian snares encircled round,
Mark'd with Hesperia's shame the bloody ground;
And Mithridates, Rome's incessant foe,
Who fled through burning plains and tracts of snow
Their fell pursuit. But now, the parting strain
Must pass, with slight survey, the coming train:
There British Arthur seeks his share of Fame,
And three* Cæsarian victors join their claim;
One from the race of Libya, one from Spain,
And last, not least, the pride of fair Lorraine,
With his twelve noble peers. Goffredo's powers
Direct their march to Salem's sacred towers;
And plant his throne beneath the Asian skies,
A sacred seat that now neglected lies.
Ye LORDS of Christendom! eternal shame
For ever will pursue each royal name,

* The emperors, Severus, Theodosius, and Charlemagne.

And tell your wolvish rage for kindred blood,
While Paynim hounds profane the seat of God!
With him the Christian glory seem'd to fall,
The rest was hid behind Oblivion's pall;
Save a few honour'd names, inferior far
In peace to guide or point the storm of war.
Yet e'en among the stranger tribes were found
A few selected names, in song renown'd.
First, mighty Saladin, his country's boast,
The scourge and terror of the baptized host.
Nerandin, and Lancaster fierce in arms*,
Who vext the Gallic coast with long alarms.
I look'd around with painful search to spy
If any martial form should meet my eye
Familiar to my sight in worlds above,
The living objects of respect or love;
And soon a well-known face my notice drew',
Sicilia's king, to whose sagacious view

* *Viz.* In the time of Edward the Third.—See Froissart.

The scenes of deep futurity display'd
Their birth, through coming Time's disclosing shade.
There my Colonna too, with glad surprise *,
Mid the pale group, assail'd my startled eyes.
His noble soul was all alive to fame,
Yet holy Friendship mixt her softer claim,
Which in his bosom fixt her lasting throne,
With Charity, that makes the wants of all her own.

* Stephano Colonna, the friend of the poet.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

TRIUMPH OF FAME.

PART THE THIRD.

STILL on the warrior band I fixt my view,
But now a different troop my notice drew:
The sage Palladian tribe, a nobler train,
Whose toils deserve a more exalted strain.
Plato majestic in the front appear'd,
Where Wisdom's sacred hand her ensign rear'd.
Celestial blazonry! by heaven bestow'd,
Which, waving high, before the vaward glow'd:

Then came the Stagirite*, whose mental ray
Pierc'd through all nature like the shafts of day;
And he, that, by the unambitious name,
Lover of Wisdom, chose to bound his fame.
Then Socrates and Xenophon were seen;
With them a bard† of more than earthly mien,
Whom every Muse of Jove's immortal choir
Blest with a portion of celestial fire:
From ancient Argos to the Phrygian bound
His never-dying strains were borne around
On Inspiration's wing, and hill and dale
Echoed the notes of Ilion's mournful tale.
The woes of Thetis, and Ulysses' toils,
His mighty mind recovered from the spoils
Of envious time, and plac'd in lasting light
The trophies ransom'd from Oblivion's night.
The Mantuan bard, responsive to his song,
Corrival of his glory, walk'd along.

* Aristotle. † Homer.

The next* with new surprize my notice drew,
Where'er he past spontaneous flow'rets grew,
Fit emblems of his style; and close behind
The great Athenian† at his lot repin'd;
Which doom'd him, like a secondary star,
To yield precedence in the wordy war;
Though like the bolts of Jove that shake the spheres,
He lighten'd in their eyes, and thunder'd in their ears.
Th' assembly felt the shock, th' immortal sound
His Attic rival's‡ fainter accents drown'd.
But now so many candidates for Fame
In countless crowds and gay confusion came,
That Memory seem'd her province to resign,
Perplext and lost amid the lengthen'd line.
Yet Solon there I spied, for laws renown'd,
Salubrious plants in clean and cultur'd ground;
But noxious, if malignant hands infuse
In their transmuted stems a baneful juice.

* Cicero. † Demosthenes. ‡ Eschines.

Amongst the Romans, Varro next I spied,
The light of linguists, and our country's pride;
Still nearer as he mov'd, the eye could trace
A new attraction and a nameless grace.
Livy I saw, with dark invidious frown
List'ning with pain to Sallust's loud renown;
And Pliny there, profuse of life I found,
Whom love of knowledge to the burning bound
Led unawares; and there Plotinus' shade,
Who dark Platonic truths in fuller light display'd:
He, flying far to 'scape the coming pest,
Was, when he seem'd secure, by death opprest;
That, fixt by fate, before he saw the sun,
The careful sophist strove in vain to shun.
Horlensius, Crassus, Galba, next appear'd,
Calvus and Antony, by Rome rever'd,
The first with Pollio join'd, whose tongue profane
Assail'd the fame of Cicero in vain.
Thucydides, who mark'd distinct and clear
The tardy round of many a bloody year,

And, with a master's graphic skill, pourtray'd
The fields, "whose summer dust with blood was laid;"
And near Herodotus his ninefold roll display'd,
Father of history; and Euclid's vest
The heaven-taught symbols of that art exprest,
That measures matter, form, and empty space,
And calculates the planets' heavenly race;
And Porphyry, whose proud obdurate heart
Was proof to mighty Truth's celestial dart;
With sophistry assail'd the cause of God,
And stood in arms against the heavenly code.
Hippocrates, for healing arts renown'd,
And half obscur'd within the dark profound;
The pair, whom ignorance in ancient days
Adorn'd like deities*, with borrow'd rays.
Galen was near, of Pergamus the boast,
Whose skill retriev'd the art so nearly lost.

* Apollo and Esculapius.

Then Anaxarchus came, who conquer'd pain;
And he*, whom Pleasures strove to lure in vain
From Duty's path. And first in mournful mood
The mighty soul of Archimedes stood;
And sage Democritus I there beheld†,
Whose daring hand the light of vision quell'd,
To shun the soul-seducing forms, that play
On the rapt fancy in the beam of day:
The gifts of fortune too he flung aside,
By Wisdom's wealth, a nobler store, supplied.
There Hippias too I saw, who dar'd to claim
For general science an unequall'd name.
And him‡, whose doubtful mind and roving eye
No certainty in Truth itself could spy;
With him§ who in a deep mysterious guise
Her heavenly charms conceal'd from vulgar eyes.

* Xenocrates.

† Their story is told by the old commentators, but it is not mentioned in Diogenes Laërtius.

‡ Pyrrho the sceptic. § Heraclitus.

The frontless cynic* next in rank I saw,
Sworn foe to decency and nature's modest law.
With him the sage, that mark'd, with calm disdain[6],
His wealth consum'd by Rapine's lawless train;
And glad that nothing now remain'd behind,
To foster envy in a rival's mind,
That treasure bought, which nothing can destroy,
"The souls calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy."
Then curious Dicæarchus met my view,
Who studied nature with sagacious view.
Quintilian next, and Seneca were seen,
And Chæronea's sage†, of placid mien;
All various in their taste and studious toils,
But each adorn'd with Learning's splendid spoils.
There too I saw, in universal jar[7],
The tribes that spend their time in wordy war;
And o'er the vast interminable deep
Of knowledge, like conflicting tempests, sweep.

* Diogenes. † Plutarch.

For truth they never toil, but feed their pride
With fuel by eternal strife supplied:
No dragon of the wild with equal rage,
Nor lions in nocturnal war, engage
With hate so deadly, as the learn'd and wise,
Who scan their own deserts with partial eyes.
Carneades, renown'd for logic skill,
Who right and wrong, and true and false, at will
Could turn and change, employ'd his fruitless pain
To reconcile the fierce, contending train:
But, ever as he toil'd, the raging pest
Of pride, as knowledge grew, with equal speed increas'd.
Then Epicurus, of sinister fame,
Rebellious to the lord of nature, came;
Who studied to deprive the soaring soul
Of her bright world of hope beyond the pole;
A mole-ey'd race their hapless guide pursued,
And blindly still the vain assault renew'd.
Dark Metrodorus next sustain'd the cause,
With Aristippus, true to Pleasure's laws.

Chrysippus next his subtle web dispos'd:
Zeno alternate spread his hand, and clos'd[8];
To show how eloquence expands the soul,
And logic boasts a close and nervous whole.
And there Cleanthes drew the mighty line
That led his pupils on, with art divine,
Through Time's fallacious joys, by Virtue's road,
To the bright palace of the SOVEREIGN GOOD.—
But here the weary Muse forsakes the throng,
Too numerous for the bounds of mortal song.

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST PART.

NOTES

ON THE

TRIUMPH OF FAME.

(1) Claudius Nero, who, being encamped over against Hannibal, deceived him, by leaving fires in his camp at night, and, by a forced march, encountered and defeated, on the banks of the Metaurus, *his* brother Asdrubal, who was coming to his assistance with a large army.—See Horat. lib. iv. ode 4.

(2) Volumnius; consul during the war with the Samnites. In that year a plague made its appearance at Rome, which swept away great multitudes, but by his care and industry it was stopped, or at least assuaged.—Liv. dec. i. l. 10.

(3) Alexander the Great, and Alexander king of Epirus. The latter, in hopes of spreading his conquests in the West, as Alexander of Macedon had done in the East, fomented a war between the Tarentines (with whom he entered into alliance) and the Bruttians; but, after several engagements with various success, he was killed in crossing the river Pandusa, by a Bruttian, who had joined his troops under the character of a deserter.

(4) Robert king of Sicily, the friend and patron of the Poet, whose great accomplishments and political sagacity he celebrates in his Epistles.

(5) Calvus and Asinius Pollio were accused of inventing several calumnies against Cicero, dictated by the servile orators under the emperors.

(6) Anaxagoras. — This story is told in Diogenes Laërtius, with this difference, that he volun-

tarily distributed his patrimony among his relations, and addicted himself entirely to the study of philosophy. When he was blamed for want of attention to the welfare of his country—"That is my country!" was his answer, pointing to the sky.—Diog. Laërt. Vita Anaxagoræ.

(7) This alludes to the contests, not only between the ancient philosophers, but between the Scotists and Thomists, the *realists* and *nominalists;* and particularly the dispute in the Poet's time, between John XXII. and the doctors of the Sorbonne, upon that *important* question; *viz. Whether the just enjoyed the beatific vision before the resurrection, or not?*—Many of the disasters of the church, and much of that obloquy which has been unjustly thrown upon Christianity, may be traced to the pride and prejudice of the leaders of the several sects, and the dogmatical spirit which they showed in deciding on dubious or trivial questions.—See

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Mr. Roscoe's Life of Leo, and Mosheim's Eccl. Hist. Passim.

(8) Zeno, by spreading his hand, used to denote the amplifications of rhetoric: and, by closing it, the power of logic.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

"Notwithstanding this Tablet," says Dr. Priestley in his List of celebrated Names, "exhibits the greatest names that the theatre of the world can boast, all the reputation that man can gain appears very inconsiderable, when we reflect how many have gone before us whose applause we can never hope to obtain. How extremely indistinct is the reputation of many who made the greatest figure in past ages! and how far are they eclipsed by the fame of those who have succeeded them! Lastly, it

hath a peculiar and striking effect to consider, how widely different a Tablet of Merit would be from this Tablet of Fame; how many names would be wholly obliterated; and how many new ones, absolutely unknown to the world, would take their places upon changing the *one* into the other; and, considering that these Tablets will at length be changed, that this of Fame will be cancelled, and that of Merit or Moral Worth produced never to be changed more, how much more solicitous should we be, even from a passion for *true* Fame, to have our names written on the Tablet of real Merit, though as yet concealed from human view, than on that of more present and perishable renown! having in prospect that time in which the righteous only shall be had in remembrance, while the memory of the wicked shall rot."

It might have been expected, that Petrarch would have exhibited a pageant of the votaries of Mammon: but he probably thought, that even the

most abject miser might be classed among the retinue of Ambition — certain it is, that how detestable soever the means of acquiring wealth may have been in the eyes of God and man, the possessor looks for something like applause and respect from that tribe whose commendation he values; and he well knows, that riches, however obtained, will always command attention from the great *vulgar* and the small. The final cause of this is well known: the welfare of the world requires some general impulse to quicken the activity of the multitude. That common esteem in which wealth is held, is a strong motive to every one to better his condition, and of course produces fraud and robbery, as well as honest industry; but under the direction of Providence it produces also many of the active virtues, and promotes the general good in a conspicuous manner. — Yet this is only a species of the love of fame.

END OF THE TRIUMPH OF FAME.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TIME.

PART THE SECOND.

Behind Aurora's wheels the rising sun
His voyage from his golden shrine begun,
With such ethereal speed, as if the hours
Had caught him slumb'ring in her rosy bowers.
With lordly eye, that reach'd the world's extreme,
Methought he look'd, when, gliding on his beam,
That winged Power approach'd that wheels his car
In its wide annual range from star to star,
Measuring vicissitude; till, now more near,
Methought these thrilling accents met my ear:—

" New laws must be observed if mortals claim,
Spite of the lapse of time, eternal Fame[2].
Those laws have lost their force that heaven decreed,
And I my circle run with fruitless speed;
If Fame's loud breath the slumb'ring dust inspire,
And bid to live with never-dying fire,
My Power, that measures mortal things, is crost,
And my long glories in oblivion lost.
If mortals on yon planet's shadowy face,
Can match the tenor of my heavenly race,
I strive with fruitless speed from year to year
To keep precedence o'er a lower sphere.
In vain yon flaming coursers I prepare,
In vain the wat'ry world and ambient air
Their vigour feeds, if thus, with angels' flight
A mortal can o'ertake the race of light!
Were you* a lesser planet, doom'd to run
A shorter journey round a nobler sun;

* *Viz.* the Sun.

Ranging among yon dusky orbs below,
A more degrading doom I could not know:
Now spread your swiftest wings, my steeds of flame,
We must not yield to man's ambitious aim.
With emulation's noblest fires I glow,
And soon that reptile race that boast below
Bright Fame's conducting lamp, that seems to vye
With my incessant journeys round the sky,
And gains, or seems to gain, increasing light,
Yet shall its glories sink in gradual night.
But I am still the same; my course began
Before that dusky orb, the seat of man,
Was built in ambient air: with constant sway
I lead the grateful change of night and day
To one ethereal track, for ever bound ——
And ever treading one eternal round."—
And now, methought, with more than mortal ire,
He seem'd to lash along his steeds of fire;
And shot along the air with glancing ray,
Swift as a falcon darting on its prey;

No planet's swift career could match his speed,
That seem'd the power of fancy to exceed.
The courier of the sky I mark'd with dread,
As by degrees the baseless fabric fled
That human power had built, while high disdain
I felt within to see the toiling train;
Striving to seize each transitory thing
That fleets away on dissolution's wing;
And soonest from the firmest grasp recede,
Like airy forms, with tantalising speed.
O mortals! ere the vital powers decay,
Or palsied eld obscures the mental ray;
Raise your affections to the things above,
Which time or fickle chance can never move.
Had you but seen what I despair to sing,
How fast his courser plied the flaming wing[3]
With unremitted speed, the soaring mind
Had left its low terrestrial cares behind.
But what an awful change of earth and sky
All in a moment pass'd before my eye!

Now rigid winter stretch'd her brumal reign
With frown Gorgonean over land and main;
And Flora now her gaudy mantle spread,
And many a blushing rose adorn'd her bed.
The momentary seasons seem'd to fleet
From bright solsticial dews to winter's driving sleet,
In circle multiform, and swift career:
A wond'rous tale, untold to mortal ear
Before: yet reason's calm, unbiass'd view
Must soon pronounce the seeming fable true,
When deep remorse for many a wasted spring
Still haunts the frighted soul on demon wing.

Fond Hope allur'd me on with meteor flight,
And Love my fancy fed with vain delight,
Chasing through fairy fields her pageants gay.
But now, at last, a clear and steady ray,
From reason's mirror sent, my folly shows,
And on my sight the hideous image throws

Of what I am — a mind eclips'd and lost,
By vice degraded from its noble post.
But yet, e'en yet, the mind's elastic spring
Buoys up my powers on resolution's wing,
While on the flight of time, with rueful gaze
Intent, I try to thread the backward maze,
And husband what remains, a scanty space.
Few fleeting hours, alas! have past away,
Since a weak infant in the lap I lay;
For what is human life but one uncertain day!
Now hid by flying vapours, dark and cold,
And brighten'd now with gleams of sunny gold,
That mock the gazer's eye with gaudy show,
And leave the victim to substantial woe:
Yet hope can live beneath the stormy sky,
And empty pleasures have their pinions ply;
And frantic pride exalts the lofty brow,
Nor marks the snares of death that lurk below.
Uncertain, whether now the shaft of fate
Sings on the wind, or heaven prolongs my date.

I see my hours run on with cruel speed,
And in my doom the fate of all I read;
A certain doom, which nature's self must feel
When the dread sentence checks the mundane wheel.
Go! court the smiles of Hope, ye thoughtless crew!
Her fairy scenes disclose an ample view
To brainless men. But Wisdom o'er the field
Casts her keen glance, and lifts her beamy shield
To meet the point of Fate, that flies afar,
And with stern vigilance expects the war.
Perhaps in vain my admonitions fall,
Yet still the Muse repeats the solemn call;
Nor can she see unmoved your senses drown'd
By Circe's deadly spells in sleep profound.
She cannot see the flying seasons roll
In dread succession to the final goal,
And sweep the tribes of men so fast away,
To Stygian darkness or eternal day,
With unconcern.—O! yet the doom repeal
Before your callous hearts forget to feel;

E'er Penitence foregoes her fruitless toil,
Or hell's black regent claims his human spoil.
O haste! before the fatal arrows fly
That send you headlong to the nether sky,
When down the gulf the sons of Folly go
In sad procession to the seat of woe!

Thus deeply musing on the rapid round
Of planetary speed, in thought profound
I stood, and long bewail'd my wasted hours,
My vain afflictions, and my squander'd powers:
When, in deliberate march, a train was seen
In silent order moving o'er the green;
A band that seem'd to hold in high disdain
The desolating power of Time's resistless reign:
Their names were hallow'd in the Muse's song,
Wafted by fame from age to age along,
High o'er oblivion's deep, devouring wave,
Where millions find an unrefunding grave.

With envious glance the changeful power beheld
The glorious phalanx which his power repell'd,
And faster now the fiery chariot flew,
While Fame appeared the rapid flight to rue,
And labour'd some to save. But, close behind,
I heard a voice, which, like the western wind,
That whispers softly through the summer shade,
These solemn accents to mine ear convey'd:—
" Man is a falling flower; and Fame in vain
Strives to protract his momentaneous reign
Beyond his bounds, to match the rolling tide,
On whose dread waves the long olympiads ride,
Till, fed by time, the deep procession grows,
And in long centuries continuous flows;
For what the power of ages can oppose?
Though Tempe's rolling flood, or Hebrus claim
Renown, they soon shall live an empty name.
Where are their heroes now, and those who led
The files of war by Xanthus' gory bed?

Or Tuscan Tyber's more illustrious band,
Whose conqu'ring eagles flew o'er sea and land?

What is renown?—a gleam of transient light,
That soon an envious cloud involves in night,
While passing Time's malignant hands diffuse
On many a noble name pernicious dews.
Thus our terrestrial glories fade away,
Our triumphs pass the pageants of a day;
Our fields exchange their lords, our kingdoms fall,
And thrones are wrapt in Hades' funeral pall.
Yet virtue seldom gains what vice had lost,
And oft the hopes of good desert are crost.
Not wealth alone, but mental stores decay,
And, like the gifts of Mammon, pass away;
Nor wisdom, wealth, nor fortune can withstand
His desolating march by sea and land;
Nor prayers, nor regal power his wheels restrain,
Till he has ground us down to dust again.

Though various are the titles men can plead,
Some for a time enjoy the glorious meed
That merit claims; yet unrelenting fate
On all the doom pronounces soon or late;
And whatsoe'er the vulgar think or say,
Were not your lives thus shorten'd to a day,
Your eyes would see the consummating power
His countless millions at a meal devour." —
Conviction soon the solemn words pursued,
And reason's voice my stubborn mind subdued;
I saw all mortal glory pass away,
Like vernal snows beneath the rising ray;
And wealth, and power, and honour, strive in vain
To scape the laws of Time's despotic reign.
Though still to vulgar eyes they seem to claim
A lot conspicuous in the lists of Fame,
Transient as human joys; to feeble age
They love to linger on this earthly stage,
And think it cruel to be call'd away
On the faint morn of life's disastrous day.

Yet ah! how many infants on the breast
By heaven's indulgence sink to endless rest!
And oft decrepid age his lot bewails,
Whom every ill of lengthen'd life assails.
Hence sick despondence thinks the human lot
A gift of fleeting breath too dearly bought:
But should the voice of Fame's obstreperous blast
From ages on to future ages last,
E'en till the trump of doom,—how poor the prize
Whose worth depends upon the changing skies!
What time bestows and claims (the fleeting breath
Of Fame) is but, at best, a second death—
A death that none of mortal race can shun,
That wastes the brood of time, and triumphs o'er the sun.

NOTES

ON THE

TRIUMPH OF TIME.

(1) The Translator has taken the liberty of substituting the personification of Time (a fiction easily admitted by all the readers of poetry) for that extravagant conceit of the poet, who puts this speech in the mouth of the *Sun!*

(2) This idea at first seems extravagant: but it is founded on the most general experience; for in fact *Time* is the great arbiter of the merits and demerits of all the candidates for reputation; and by it that test is furnished, which in the final result annihilates the claims of all but those who make virtue or utility their object: of such only the concluding Triumph is made to consist.—See the next Poem.

(3) Since all the parts of duration are present to the Supreme Mind, as any being rises on the intellectual scale, his comprehension must be enlarged: he will consequently take in more ideas belonging to space and duration; and they both will seem to contract their dimensions. But however this may be, the lapse of time itself, as years advance, renders *it* less observable. Ideas from external objects, and even those obtained by reflexion, lose their novelty: as they arise in association, they form into leading trains; and habits, good or bad, become predominant, the mind clings to the notions or propensities which it has acquired, and becomes torpid to new accessions to knowledge or new incentives to virtue.—From this appears the importance of early habits.

END OF THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

THE

TRIUMPH OF ETERNITY.

When all beneath the ample cope of heaven
I saw, like clouds before the tempest driven,
In sad Vicissitude's eternal round,
Awhile I stood in holy horror bound;
And thus at last with self-exploring mind,
Musing, I asked, "What basis I could find
To fix my trust?"—An inward voice replied,
"Trust to th' Almighty: He thy steps shall guide;
He never fails to hear the faithful prayer,
But worldly hope must end in dark despair."

Now, what I am, and what I was, I know;
I see the seasons in procession go

With still increasing speed; while things to come,
Unknown, unthought, amid the growing gloom
Of long futurity, perplex my soul,
While life is posting to its final goal.
Mine is the crime, who ought with clearer light
To watch the winged years' incessant flight;
And not to slumber on in dull delay
Till circling seasons bring the doomful day.
But grace is never slow in that, I trust,
To wake the mind, before I sink to dust,
With those strong energies that left the soul
To scenes unhop'd, unthought, above the pole.

While thus I ponder'd, soon my working thought
Once more that ever-changing picture brought
Of sublunary things before my view,
And thus I question'd with myself anew:—
"What is the end of this incessant flight
Of life and death, alternate day and night?

When will the motion on these orbs imprest
Sink on the bosom of eternal rest?"

At once, as if obsequious to my will,
Another prospect shone, unmov'd and still;
Eternal as the Heavens that glow'd above,
A wide resplendent scene of light and love.
The wheels of Phœbus from the Zodiac turn'd[1];
No more the nightly constellations burn'd;
Green earth and undulating Ocean roll'd —
Away, by some resistless power controll'd;
Immensity conceiv'd, and brought to birth
A grander firmament, and more luxuriant earth.
What wonder seiz'd my soul when first I view'd
How motionless the restless racer* stood,
Whose flying feet, with winged speed before,
Still mark'd with sad mutation sea and shore.
No more he sway'd the future and the past,
But on the moveless present fixt at last;

* *Viz.* Time.

As at a goal reposing from his toils[1],
Like earth uncloth'd of all its vernal foils.
Unvaried scene! where neither change nor fate,
Nor care nor sorrow, can our joys abate;
Nor finds the light of thought resistance here,
More than the sunbeams in a crystal sphere.
But no material things can match their flight,
In speed excelling far the race of light.
Oh! what a glorious lot shall then be mine
If Heaven to me these nameless joys assign!
For there the SOVEREIGN GOOD for ever reigns,
Nor evil yet to come, nor present pains;
No baleful birth of time its inmates fear,
That comes, the burthen of the passing year;
No solar chariot circles through the Signs,
And now too near, and now too distant, shines;
To wretched man and earth's devoted soil
Dispensing sad variety of toil.
Oh! happy are the blessed souls, that sing
Loud Hallelujahs in eternal ring!

Thrice happy he, who late, at last shall find
A lot in the celestial climes assign'd!
He, led by grace, th' auspicious ford explores,
Where, cross the plains, the wintry torrent roars;
That troublous tide, where, with incessant strife,
Weak mortals struggle through, and call it LIFE.
In love with Vanity, O doubly blind
Are they that final consolation find
In things that fleet on Dissolution's wing,
Or dance away upon the transient ring
Of seasons, as they roll. No sound they hear
From that still voice that Wisdom's sons revere;
No vestment they procure to keep them warm
Against the menace of the wintry storm;
But all expos'd, in naked nature lie,
A shivering crowd beneath th' inclement sky,
Of reason void, by every foe subdued,
Self-ruin'd, self-depriv'd of sovereign good;
Reckless of HIM, whose universal sway,
Matter, and all its various forms, obey;

Whether they mix in elemental strife,
Or meet in married calm, and foster life.
His nature baffles all created mind,
In earth or heaven, to fathom, or to find.
One glimpse of glory on the saints bestow'd,
With eager longings fills the courts of God
For deeper views, in that abyss of light,
While mortals slumber here, content with night:
Though nought, we find, below the Moon, can fill
The boundless cravings of the human will.
And yet, what fierce desire the fancy wings
To gain a grasp of perishable things;
Although one fleeting hour may scatter far
The fruit of many a year's corroding care;
Those spacious regions where our fancies roam,
Pain'd by the past, expecting ills to come,
In some dread moment, by the Fates assign'd,
Shall pass away, nor leave a wreck behind;

And time's revolving wheels shall lose at last
The speed that spins the future and the past;
And, sovereign of an undisputed throne,
Awful eternity shall reign alone.
Then every darksome veil shall fleet away
That hides the prospects of eternal day:
Those cloud-born objects of our hopes and fears,
Whose air-drawn forms deluded memory bears
As of substantial things, away so fast,
Shall fleet, that mortals, at their speed aghast,
Watching the change of all beneath the moon,
Shall ask, what once they were, and will be soon?

The time will come when every change shall cease,
This quick revolving wheel shall rest in peace:
No summer then shall glow, nor winter freeze;
Nothing shall be to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal NOW shall ever last.
Though time shall be no more, yet space shall give
A nobler theatre to love and live[3].

The winged courier then no more shall claim
The power to sink or raise the notes of Fame,
Or give its glories to the noontide ray:
True merit then, in everlasting day,
Shall shine for ever as at first it shone
At once to God and man and angels known.
Happy are they who in this changing sphere
Already have begun the bright career
That reaches to the goal which, all in vain,
The Muse would blazon in her feeble strain:
But blest above all other blest is he
Who from the trammels of mortality,
Ere half the vital thread ran out, was free,
Mature for Heaven; where now the matchless fair
Preserves those features, that seraphic air, 140
And all those mental charms that rais'd my mind
To judge of heaven while yet on earth confin'd.
That soft attractive glance that won my heart
When first my bosom felt unusual smart,

Now beams, now glories, in the realms above,
Fed by th' eternal source of light and love.
Then shall I see her as I first beheld,
But lovelier far, and by herself excell'd;
And I distinguish'd in the bands above
Shall hear this plaudit in the choirs of love.
" Lo! this is he who sung in mournful strains
For many years a lover's doubts and pains;
Yet in this soul-expanding sweet employ,
A sacred transport felt above all vulgar joy."
She too shall wonder at herself to hear
Her praises ring around the radiant sphere:
But of that hour it is not mine to know;
To *her* perhaps, the period of my woe
Is manifest; for she my fate may find
In the pure mirror of th' ETERNAL MIND.
To me it seems at hand a sure presage,
Denotes my rise from this terrestrial stage;
Then what I gain'd and lost below shall lie
Suspended in the balance of the sky,

And all our anxious sublunary cares
Shall seem one tissue of Arachne's snares;
And all the lying vanities of life,
The sordid source of envy, hate, and strife,
Ignoble as they are, shall then appear
Before the searching beam of truth severe;
Then souls, from sense refin'd, shall see the fraud
That led them from the living way of God.
From the dark dungeon of the human breast
All direful secrets then shall rise confest,
In honour multiplied—a dreadful show
To hierarchies above, and saints below.
Eternal reason then shall give her doom;
And, sever'd wide, the tenants of the tomb
Shall seek their portions with instinctive haste,
Quick as the savage speeds along the waste.
Then shall the golden hoard its trust betray,
And they, that, mindless of that dreadful day,
Boasted their wealth, its vanity shall know
In the dread avenue of endless woe:

While they whom moderation's wholesome rule
Kept still unstain'd in virtue's heavenly school,
Who the calm sunshine of the soul beneath
Enjoy'd, will share the Triumph of the Faith.

These pageants five the world and I beheld,
The sixth and last, I hope, in heaven reveal'd
(If heaven so will), when Time with speedy hand
The scene despoils, and Death's funereal wand
The Triumph leads. But soon they both shall fall
Under that mighty hand that governs all,
While they who toil for true renown below,
Whom envious Time and Death a mightier foe
Relentless plung'd in dark oblivion's womb,
When virtue seem'd to seek the silent tomb,
Spoil'd of her heavenly charms once more shall rise,
Regain their beauty, and assert the skies;
Leaving the dark sojourn of time beneath,
And the wide desolated realms of death.

But she will early seek these glorious bounds,
Whose long-lamented fall the world resounds
In unison with me. And heaven will view
That awful day her heavenly charms renew,
When soul with body joins. Gibenna's strand
Saw me enroll'd in Love's devoted band,
And mark'd my toils through many hard campaigns
And wounds, whose scars my memory yet retains. 216

Blest is the pile that marks the hallow'd dust!—
There, at the resurrection of the just,
When the last trumpet with earth-shaking sound
Shall wake her sleepers from their couch profound;
Then, when that spotless and immortal mind
In a material mould once more enshrin'd,
With wonted charms shall wake seraphic love,
How will the BEATIFIC SIGHT improve
Her heavenly beauties in the climes above! 219

NOTES

ON THE

TRIUMPH OF ETERNITY.

(1) "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea," *&c.*

Rev. xxi. 1, *&c.*

(2) The congruity of this simile is not very apparent, though the old commentators spend whole pages in its elucidation.

(3) There is here a repetition of the same images by which the poet intends to inculcate his doctrine the more forcibly.

THE END.

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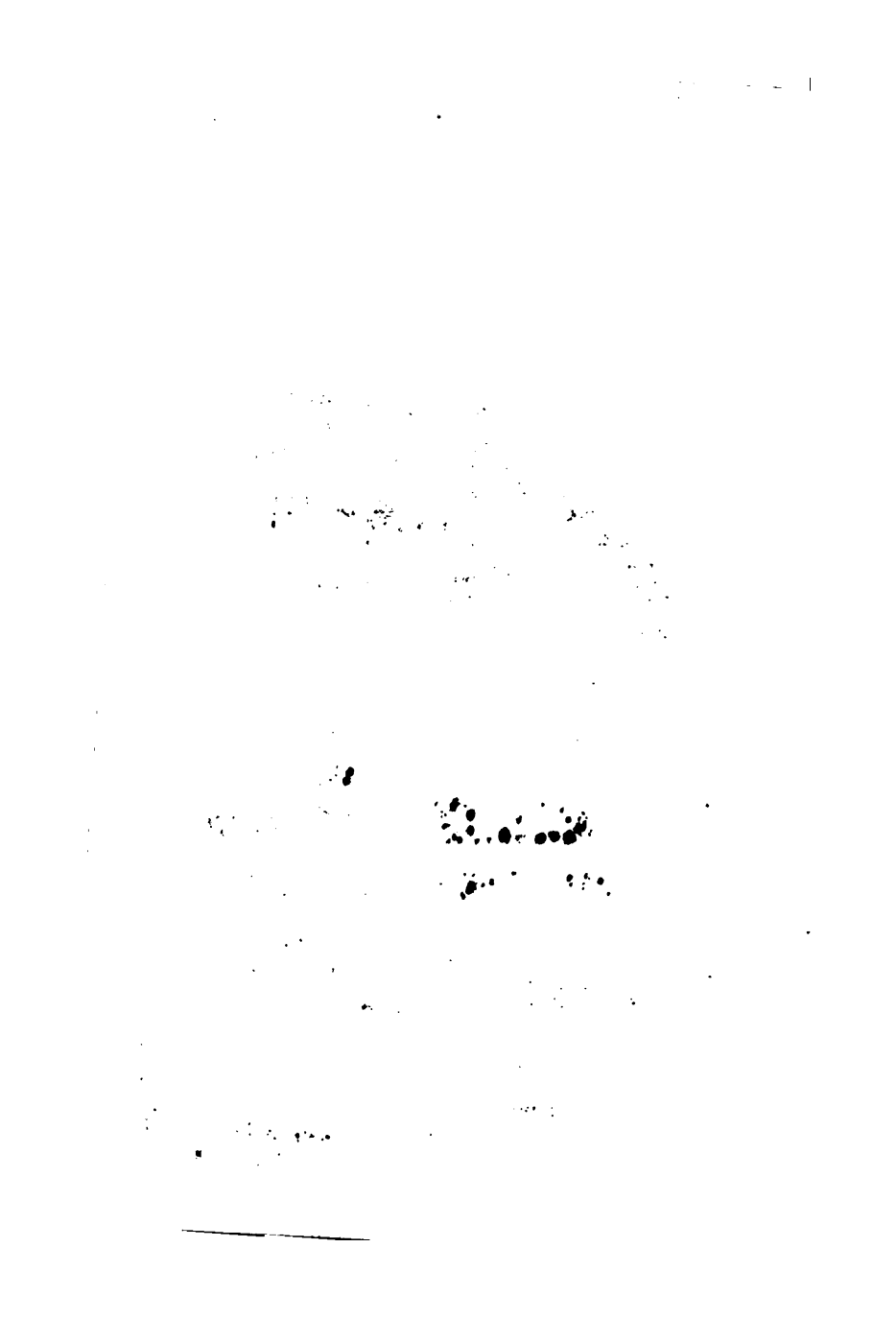

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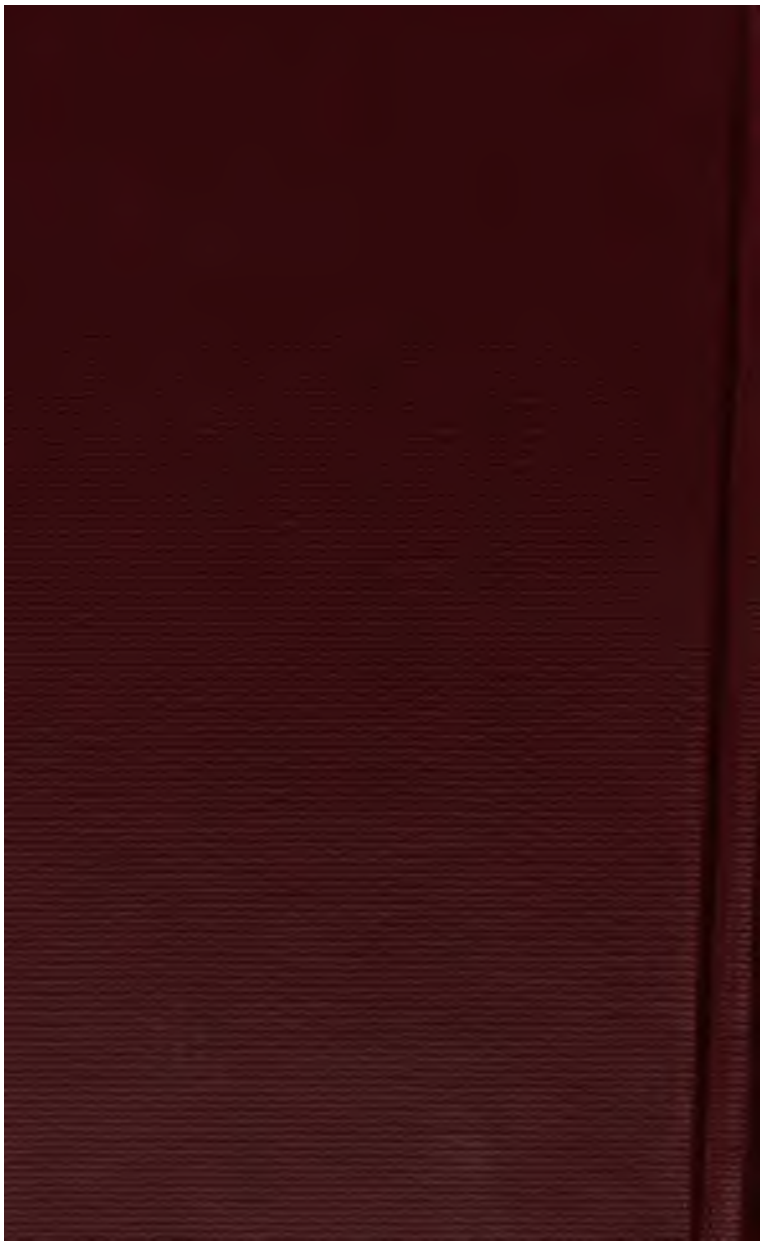
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